MAYFAIR

Vol. 22 No.1 ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

£1.50

132 Pages every month!

Chart-topping

MEL APPLEBY

of pop-group

Mel & Kim

in her most revealing pictures ever

PERFECT FOR PLAYTIME: OUR NUDEST NURSERY NURSE

'CHUTING STARS: AMAZING PICTURES WITH THE FREE-FALL EXPERTS

TURKISH DELIGHT: MEET OUR MIDDLE-EASTERN SWEETIE

SPOOKIES, SPECTRES AND SHADOWS: THE DEADLY HISTORY OF THE GUNSHIP

NORTH AMERICA
$4.50
AUSTRIA 65.00 SCH
CANARIES 550.00 PTAS
DENMARK 28.50 KR
FINLAND 23.00 FM
FRANCE 36.00 NF
GERMANY 13.80 DM
HOLLAND 9.90 FL
ITALY 6,400 L
NORWAY 38.50 KR
SPAIN 5.30 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.70 SFR

MAYFAIR

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 22 No. 1 ABC net paid circulation 345,411

SPECIAL FEATURES page

Gung-ho Gunships: *Antony Nettle* 16

Virile Vikings: *Steve Wright* 44

Motoring: *William Boddy* 50

'Chuting Stars: *Pete Gregory* 70

New Quest: My Most Unforgettable Girl 99

'Vette Surgery: *Andrew Morland* 114

Carrie: *Steve Kingston* 128

GIRLS

Amanda *John Graham* 11

Elaine: *John Allum* 20

Freddie: *Ed Alexander* 38

Mel Appleby: *Donald Milne* 59

Petra: *Kirk Lindsay* 78

Daphne: 87

Geraldine: *John Patrick Burgess* 107

Rosemary: *Austin Legrew* 119

HUMOUR

Hide-And-Sex: *Antony* 29

After Dinner Jokes 85

FICTION

Screen Test: 94

SPECIAL OFFERS

Mayfair Lingerie pages 47 and 84/ **New Personal Directory** page 86/ **FashionWatches** page 118

READER SERVICES

Letters page 8/**Book Society** page 28/ **Back Numbers** page 34/**Subscription Details** page 125

Some girls go for the strong silent type, but Petra's photographic outing with a Perfect Gentleman reveals one drawback. 78

Stylish and innovative, Lanchesters were a pioneer British marque. 50

Join the Royal Marines parachuting team and others of the world's skydiving elite at 12,000 feet. 70

COVER STORY

This month's covergirl is 36-24-35 Mel Appleby of pop duo Mel and Kim, whose *Showing Out* got to number three in the charts. You may have seen nude views of ex-Page Three girl Mel elsewhere, but none as spectacular as these.

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** / Motoring **William Boddy** Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistant **Sarah Buck** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

AMANDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN GRAHAM

A certain director of a Richmond finance company will get a pleasant surprise if he reads this month's *Mayfair*. For sexy Amanda Jacobi, 22, is his personal assistant, and has decided to pose for *Mayfair* as a change from the world of high finance. Amanda, who lives near Kew Gardens, has taken two years making the final decision to reveal her 37-24-35 figure for our readers. 'A few years ago I would have been shy, but I have mellowed out now, and I enjoyed it although I did get a bit stiff with all that posing. I haven't told my boss so I think he'll be in for a surprise if he spots me.' Amanda left school with six 'O' and two 'A' levels, and went to Milan for

two years to try to break into the world of fashion design, and to learn Italian. 'I did some work as a freelance fashion journalist but not very successfully.' Returning to England she worked as a receptionist at the renowned *Stocks* nightclub in Chelsea before being taken on by her present boss. But Amanda is not one for nightclubbing. 'I prefer a chinwag over a *cappuccino* or a cocktail in *Jules Bar* in Jermyn Street. And pubs are not my scene — I've not been to one in four years.' But Amanda does have a passion for Chinese food, specially at *Moonlight*, in Hampstead, her favourite.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN ALLUM

Elaine

Handsome youths living in West Sussex must be kicking themselves if they're over 12 and too old to go to their local playgroup. For otherwise they might have met sexy Elaine Delaney. Elaine, 18, who is modelling her full 34-24-34 figure for the first time in these pictures, is a nursery nurse.

'I work on a converted bus which drives to a different place every day near a park or school, and the children come to us,' she said. 'They play with toys or do craftwork.' Elaine, who lives in Lancing, took a foundation course at the West Sussex College of Design, but decided she wanted to work with children. 'It is so satisfying and I enjoy it, but I come in very tired.'

The children are aged from three months to 12 years, but Elaine once embarrassed an 18-year-old youth who was helping out on the bus. 'I went upstairs and didn't realise he was changing into his shorts. I caught him in his Union Jack underpants. I couldn't stop laughing and after that he went bright red every time he looked at me.' Elaine is so exhaused when she comes home in the evenings that she only has energy for relaxing and listening to music, but she enjoys dining out at weekends.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

FREDDIE

The bowler hat brigade in the City of London must have enjoyed having Freddie Stevens in their midst. At five feet eight inches tall, and with her sober business suit well filled with a eye-catching 39-24-35 figure, she was wasted, tucked away as the administrative secretary for a bank. So a year ago, the 20-year-old swopped her pin-stripes for lacey lingerie, and decided to take up modelling. She hasn't looked back. Since then she's appeared in magazines, naughty underwear catalogues, and on video — and has loved every minute.

Freddie still enjoys a game of football in the park near her home in Ilford, though she's recently taken up ski-ing. 'I learned the hard way,' she laughs. 'Somebody just pushed me down a slope!' In the evenings she likes a quiet drink with friends, but not in nightclubs. 'They're full of poseurs and old men chasing young girls,' she insists. But then her last visit was a disaster. She fell flat on her face in her best evening dress getting out of her friend's Porsche.

Freddie's always been a big girl. At school in Tottenham, where her first love was football, she was always put in goal — running was never her strong point. As a young child, Freddie believes she might have tempted fate. 'I was always stuffing my blouse with socks,' she recalls. 'Mum always used to say, ''You'll be big up there soon enough!''' And she was right. By 12, Freddie was already bursting out of her gymslip. Now though, she believes her personality is just as important as her figure, and she is lucky enough to be out-going in *every* way . . .

MEL & KIM
SHOWING OUT
SUPET 107

TOP OF THE POPS

ChartBuster MEL APPLEBY Strips

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE

'The music scene is more fun than modelling'

As half of pop duo Mel and Kim, sexy Mel Appleby stormed up the charts with the smash hit *Showing Out* which went silver in the UK before taking off all over Europe. But before shooting to success as a pop star, Mel, 21, made her mark in the modelling world as a *Starbird* and *Page Three* girl. Now she has turned her back on modelling to concentrate on a singing career, but we have tracked down these pictures which reveal her curvy 36-24-35 figure in what we believe are the sexiest poses available of magnificent Mel. But make the most of them because it's unlikely we'll see Mel modelling again. She told *The Star*, 'I'm not ashamed of what I did. In fact I quite enjoyed it. But being involved in the music scene is much more fun. It's like a dream come true for me.'

Mel and her older sister Kim, 24, grew up on an estate in Hackney in the East End of London. Her mother launched Mel on her modelling career by sending photos to an agency. But Mel says her ambitions did not lie in that direction. 'I wanted to branch out into other things. It wasn't my career. I just saw it as a way of making money.'

‘I always wanted to branch into other things’

'She was a lovely girl, never short of boyfriends'

The girls have been singing for just seven months but look set to stay in the big-time with a new single scheduled for February. Nick East, head of their record company, Supreme, said they were looking for two beautiful black singers for a song which was already lined up. Mel and Kim were perfect. But Mel hasn't always had such lucky breaks. Sister Kim once got her a job at a clothing factory where she worked. Mel claimed to be an experienced trainee overlooker, but she wasn't, and when she was put on a machine unsupervised she ended up damaging cloth worth hundreds of pounds. Talking of Mel, Kim said, 'Her best quality is her bubbly personality. People take to Mel far easier than they do me. And she was always the better looking one. She was a lovely girl, and never short of boyfriends.'

MEL I

MAYFAIR
Girl of the Month

MAYFAIR

Girl of the Month

MEL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
KIRK LINDSAY

Petra and the Perfect Gentleman

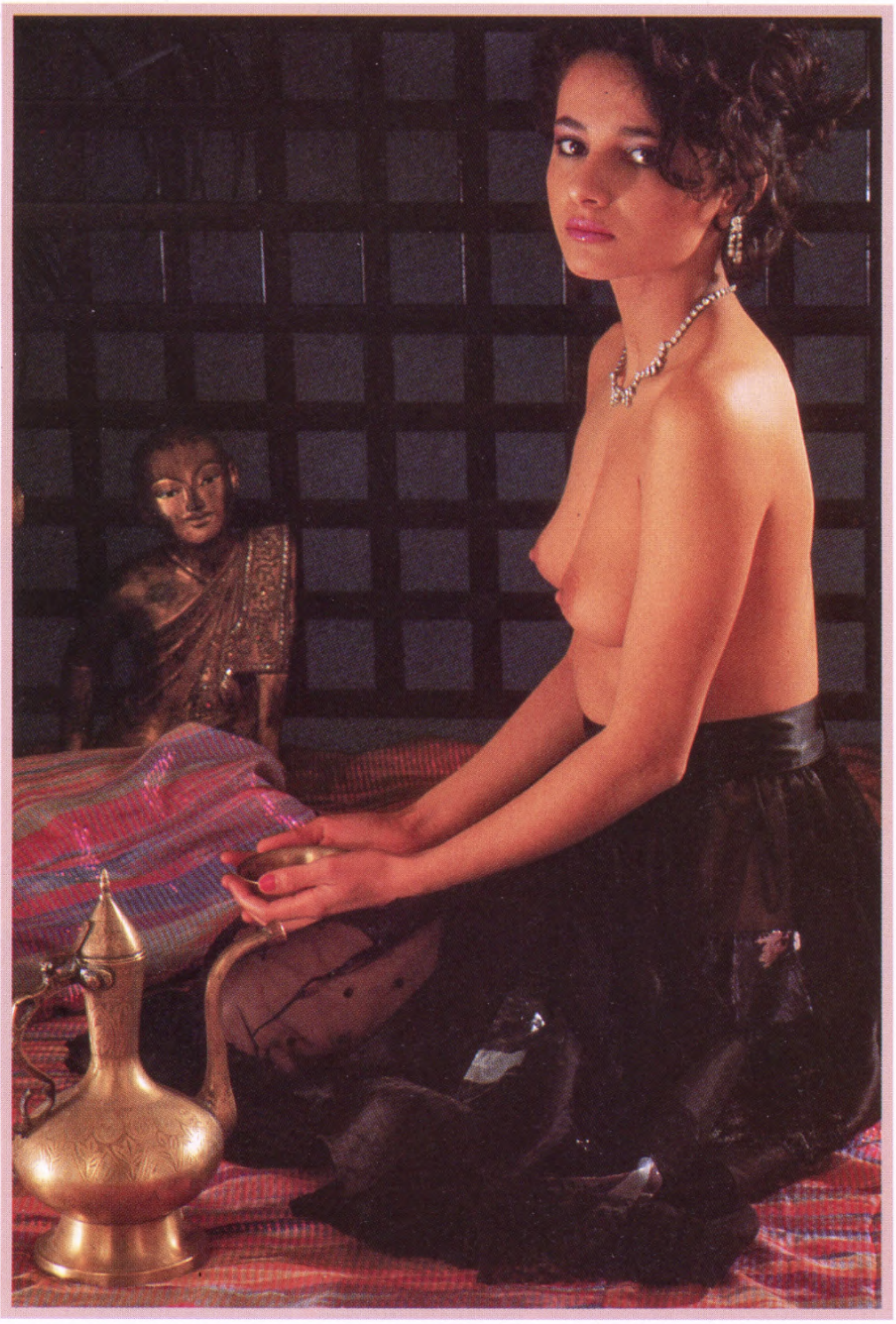
I knew there was something special about him the first moment I saw him. The cocktail bar attracted lone wolves like flies, poseurs mainly, or married men out on a spree, all trying hard to look smooth and dangerous, and betraying themselves with every move. But *he* didn't need to try. As he stood there at the bar, seemingly lost in thought, he had a quality of stillness that drew me irresistibly. I knew then that I would not rest until I had spoken to him.

My eyes caught his as I moved to his side and ordered myself a Long Slow Screw. He gave the faintest flicker of an eyelash, the merest curling of a lip — movements so slight a lesser eye might have missed them — but in that instant a world of understanding flashed between us. Then we were talking, so easily and naturally we might have been old friends — or new lovers. He said little — almost nothing really — but his companionable silence enfolded me like a warm glove.

Who suggested the nightcap? I can't remember, only that as we moved toward the door he seemed to cleave to me, as if he couldn't bear to be apart. We were hardly inside my flat before he was all over me, his body pressing hard and unyielding against mine. As we

embraced his hands smoothed the garments from my flesh. Everything I asked for, everything I craved, he did. I had lost my heart — and he had lost his head. Well, any girl can make a mistake, and dummy or not, a good man is hard to find.

daphne



For a girl who boasts ancestors going back to the Great Caliph, including the odd brigand with a habit of tossing bodies in the Bosphorus, 'Daphne' might sound rather tame, until you realise 'Defne' is a common Turkish name.

Not that this 34-23-34-inch 22-year-old from Dulwich in south London has spent more than a week in Istanbul. 'It was when I was a teenager and I thought it was a bit of a chore going on family visits to some strange foreign city. I'd have preferred to stay home with my friends and gone to a disco!' But her first view of the domes and minarets of the ancient city of Constantinople soon changed her mind.

It seemed to her 'like something out of the Arabian Nights,' she says. 'I wouldn't have been at all surprised if a couple of magic carpets hadn't whizzed by!' Sadly the carpets she did see never managed to leave the ground — but their workmanship was still quite magical. 'The Turkish part of my family were involved in them as part of their business. They gave me a beautiful one as a going-away present. I still have it at home.' Though she spoke — and speaks — only a smattering of the language, she found the Turkish people she met warm and friendly. 'Don't believe everything in *Midnight Express!*'

Family life, she says, is much more important there than in England. 'As a girl I'd really be cossetted, but I think I'd find it stifling very quickly. Certainly modelling in the nude would be right out!' Luckily for us the other half of Daphne's ancestry is London-based, making her our Turkish delight.

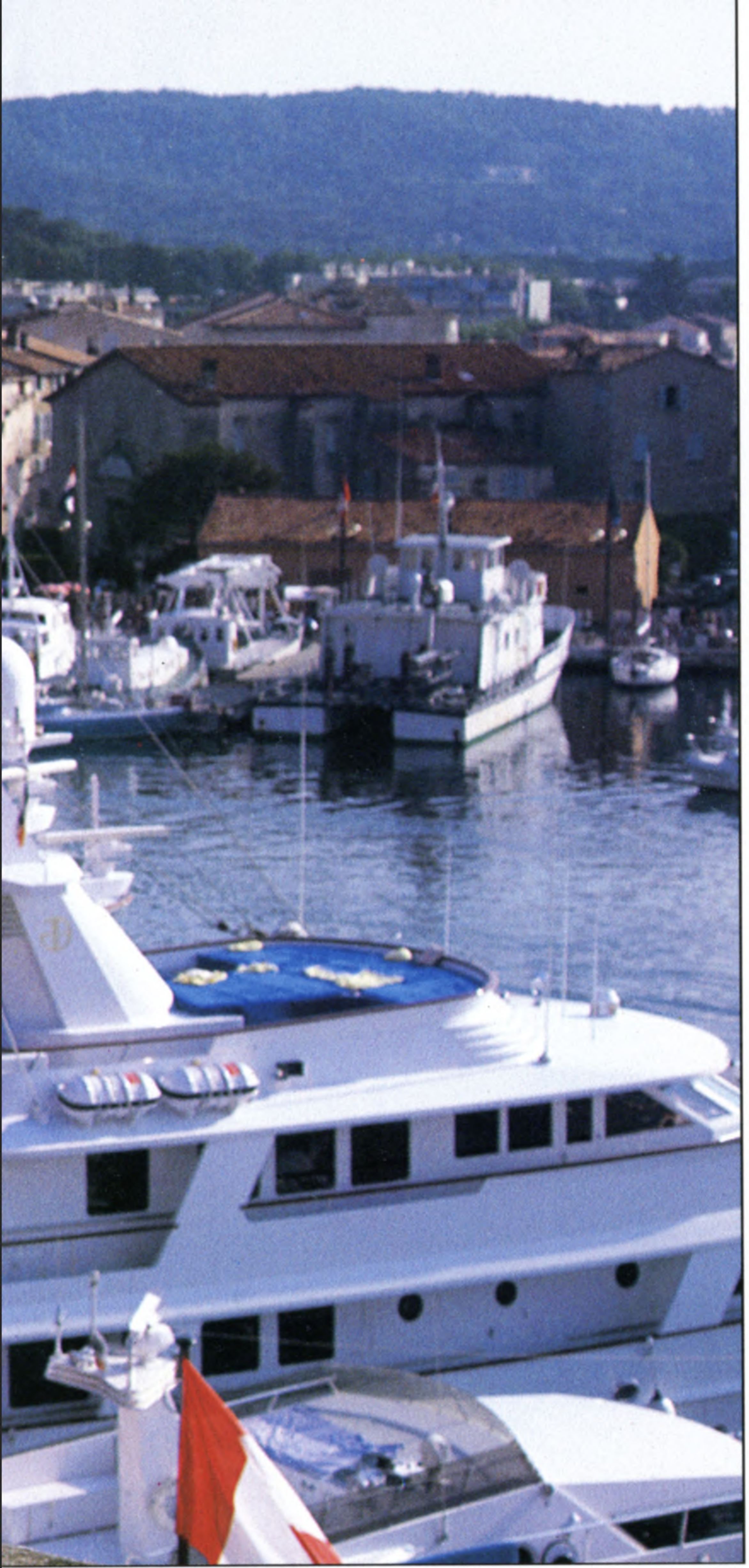
Geraldine

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JOHN
PATRICK
BURGESS

After a day poring over dusty tomes, most scholars of 17th century French literature might be expected to relax with a glass of wine and an improving book. And so does Geraldine Carswell. She also takes off all her clothes.

'Of course living all last summer in the south of France was a help,' grins this 34-22-34 inch 22-year-old from Deal. 'It was the language practice year of a university course I was doing in French. I was working at a *lycée* near Cannes on an exchange basis. But then everything fell through.'

Rather than go home, she decided to continue her studies on her own. 'With the help of an obliging French boyfriend,' she admits wryly. 'All the girls on the beach were topless, and a few bottomless too. I thought it wouldn't do to let the British side down!'



The result was a superb all-over tan, and 'a rather more intimate experience of the French language than I'd have got in a school.' Home now, she still relaxes with a glass of wine, but that's all. 'Deal wouldn't take too kindly to all-over sunbathers!'

ROSEMARY

Rosemary Heath spent last New Year quietly at home. Nothing remarkable in that, you might think, until you realise that she spent Christmas in Sydney and by mid-January, she was back in the sun, this time in Los Angeles. It's no good being an air courier if you don't like travelling.

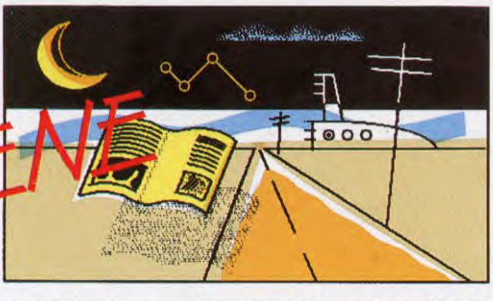
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY AUSTIN LEGREW

'You can't beat an Englishman for being suave'

Twenty-three-year-old Rosemary has been a courier for a freight company for the last four years, and is in a unique position to comment on men all over the world, 'I don't like the French,' she said emphatically, 'or the Germans, but the Scandinavians are sweet.' However, they will never replace the British in her affections. 'You still can't match an Englishman for being suave and subtle. Not like one Australian I met last Christmas,' she added smiling.

'His idea of gentle wooing consisted of pouring ice-cold lager down my teeshirt and offering to lick it off,' Rosemary recalled and then added with mock outrage. 'We just don't do things like that in Chiswick!' Her 36-24-36 figure also received a lot of attention in Italy in the summer. 'At the disco, I felt hands stray everywhere,' she said. 'I'm sure some Italians have more than two. But I was on holiday then, so I didn't mind. In fact I quite liked it.'

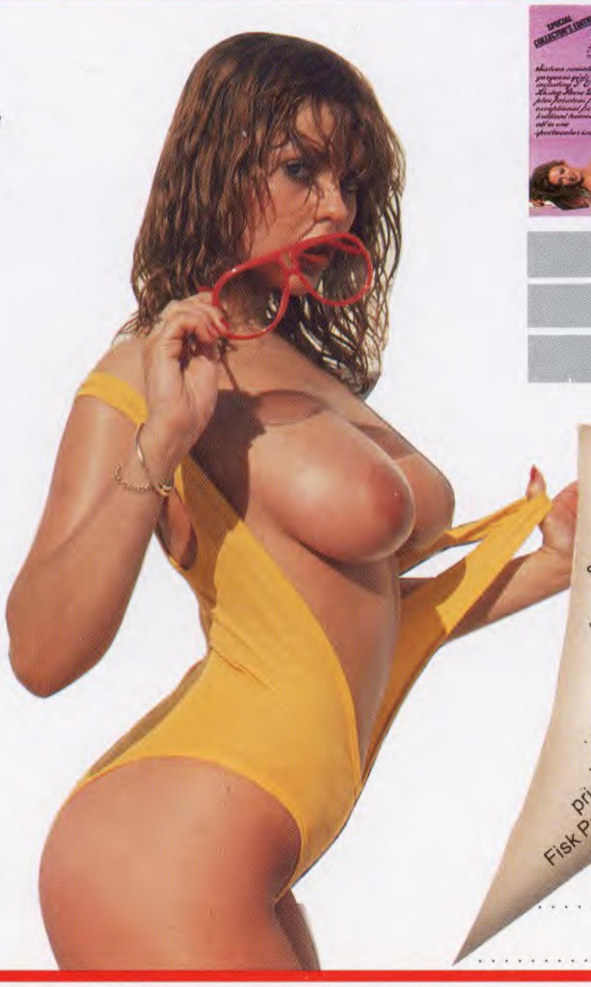
SCENE



We hope you've noticed that this month's *Mayfair* features a new development in our history. From our earliest issues we have always had a buff-coloured cartridge paper section which, along with our eating out, wine, films and discs columns, featured a world famous *Mayfair* hallmark — the *Quest* interviews. But now that more and more magazines are going full-colour we feel it is time to change the buff section for regular pages which will enable us to give readers even more colour pages in their fantastic value *Mayfair*. At the same time we also believe that although it has been an informative and invaluable sex survey, this is the ideal opportunity to change the style of *Quest*. It will still be a fascinating probe into people's private lives, but from now on will take the form of reminiscences about an unforgettable partner. We hope you like these changes, and we want to know what you think of them, so please drop us a line.

Around 40,000 people fling themselves out of aeroplanes over Britain every year.
Fortunately the vast majority of them wear parachutes, and derive an immense amount of excitement and enjoyment out of the experience, as you can judge from the spectacular photographs of skydiving we reproduce on page 70. Perhaps the most impressive are the views of the attempt to build a formation of 100 freefalling parachutists over Canada early in 1986. They failed to make it by one man, though a later attempt over Chicago achieved an astonishing 120-man link-up. With so many bodies falling so closely together the air resistance is increased, causing them to drop more slowly than they would as individuals. The joke in skydiving circles is that a big enough formation could land without anyone needing to open their parachute! If you'd care to test out the theory, or would simply like to investigate the sport a little further, you should get in touch with the British Parachute Association, *47 Vaughan Way, Leicester LE1 4SG (tel: 0533 519778)*. There's likely to be a parachute centre within 20 or 30 miles of where you live. Most will offer the basic one or two jump course as specified in the BPA's safety and training manual. Bigger centres like Peterborough, Swansea, Headcorn and Thruxton operate full-time, and run daily courses throughout the summer, and sometimes during the winter too. A standard one-drop course costs from £65 to £85; a tandem jump — where you experience freefall while strapped to an instructor beneath a double-sized chute — costs about the same. The delux method of learning freefall, known as AFF — in which the learner jumps with an instructor on either side — could cost up to £1,000 a course.

Now free condoms have adorned the front cover of *Woman's Own* there seems a new permissiveness in the way magazines present themselves. But one other national magazine recently managed an even more startling first — by featuring on its front cover a human stool (and we don't mean the three-legged kind.) The offending object was being handled — with understandable dubiousness — by a bespectacled archaeologist on the front cover of *New Scientist*. Luckily for him it happened to be over a thousand years old and thoroughly petrified. It was unearthed from a cesspit dating from 10th century York, where it had been deposited by a passing Viking. And Vikings, oddly enough, are the subject of Steve Wright's fascinating article which begins on page 44. Steve reveals how appalling, and often downright odd, were the Vikings' bedroom habits. But the York archaeologists have shown, by the study of fossilied faeces, that their eating and hygiene habits weren't much better. Riddled with lice and intestinal worms, the average 10th century Viking, living in York, would have subsisted on beef, gritty bread rolls and berries, and still produced enough leftovers to pollute the local River Ouse. Not someone to accept a dinner invitation from, let alone bump into on a Dark Ages night.



SIX OF OUR VERY BEST

Best of Mayfair No 6, the latest of our top selling collectors' issues, is now on sale. For just £1.95 enjoy 196 pages packed with our finest features, fiction and humour — plus 16 of our most beautiful girls including Ursula Andress, Sophia Loren's double, *Please Sir's* Penny Irving, Jane Warner and Joanne Latham. Don't miss it!

The Best is yet to come . . .

And don't forget that *Best of Mayfair Nos 3, 4* and *5* are still available!

Please send . . . . . copies of Best of Mayfair No 6 priced at £2.65 each . . . . . copies of Best of Mayfair No 5 at £2.65 each. . . . . . copies Best of Mayfair No 4 at £2.50. . . . . . copies Best of Mayfair No 3 at £2.25. All prices include post and packing. Cheques payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

. . . . M22/1

'In Italy I felt hands straying all over me . . .'

LETTERS

continued from page 127

Jayne, a few pages further my eyes begin to shine again. Sheila is the reason. Sorry that her big photo on page 82 isn't a full page. She has such wonderful boobs that I could be laying my head on. Sheila has a perfect figure.

The reason why I read your magazine such a long time is that the title under the title is correct: entertainment for men. My wish is: be always so good how this time, how Vol 20 No 10.

Helmut Schiffhauer, W. Germany

Thanks for your kind wishes, Herr Schiffhauer — we think...

Choom chicks and poms

I'd like to second James Murphy's call for more Aussie girls (Vol 21 No 6). As for his reference to 'choom chicks', I think James really means 'Pommie sheilas'. I haven't heard the term for years but I remember my father using 'choom' to refer to English rugby league teams — presumably derived from the Yorkshire pronunciation of 'chum'. I suspect that while a 'Pom' or 'Pommie' means anyone from England, 'choom' is a regional term (like scouse or geordie), refering to someone from the north, especially Yorkshire. I was also amused by the letter from GT of Hull regarding *Penthouse's* 'first time nude' pictures of Linda Lusardi. Last year Australian *Penthouse* ran two pictorials of girls who looked familiar. One was identified as 'Selma' and the other as 'Lola Robertson', a blonde who was into mud wrestling. After checking my back issues of *Mayfair* I realised 'Selma' was Helen Masters and 'Lola' was Tracy Dixon. How refreshing to get *Mayfair* and its genuine pictorials.

Kel Dennis, Northcote, Victoria, Australia

An Englishman abroad

Thank you for producing such an excellent magazine. No other magazine over here in the States comes close in tastefulness and, therefore, eroticism.

I'm an Englishman, originally from Nottingham, and I moved to America last year. My first sexual experience with an American woman proved to be the most memorable of my life.

It was in California, not far from Los Angeles, where I first met Lisa (name changed). She was American by birth, of Mexican and German parents, but her features were Mexican. Medium height, long black curly hair, dark mysterious eyes, smallish breasts and long slim legs. We got on marvellously. Lisa was a tour guide, showing me the attractions of the area. The main attraction, however, came on a Friday evening as we discussed our sexual fantasies over our wine coolers. After half an hour we had begun to fulfil some of them. All Lisa wore was a light red dress and a pair of tiny panties. When they were removed she uncovered a gorgeous trimmed pussy and a large clitoris, which grew even larger as I slowly teased it with my tongue while she arched her back and moaned in pleasure. My turn was next. After releasing me from my bulging briefs, she slowly ran her tongue around my glans, commenting appreciatively at my foreskin, which turned out to be the first she'd ever seen. It wasn't long before her finger probing my anus brought a sudden and violent orgasm. After recovering, we went on to make slow and gentle love. It was exquisite.

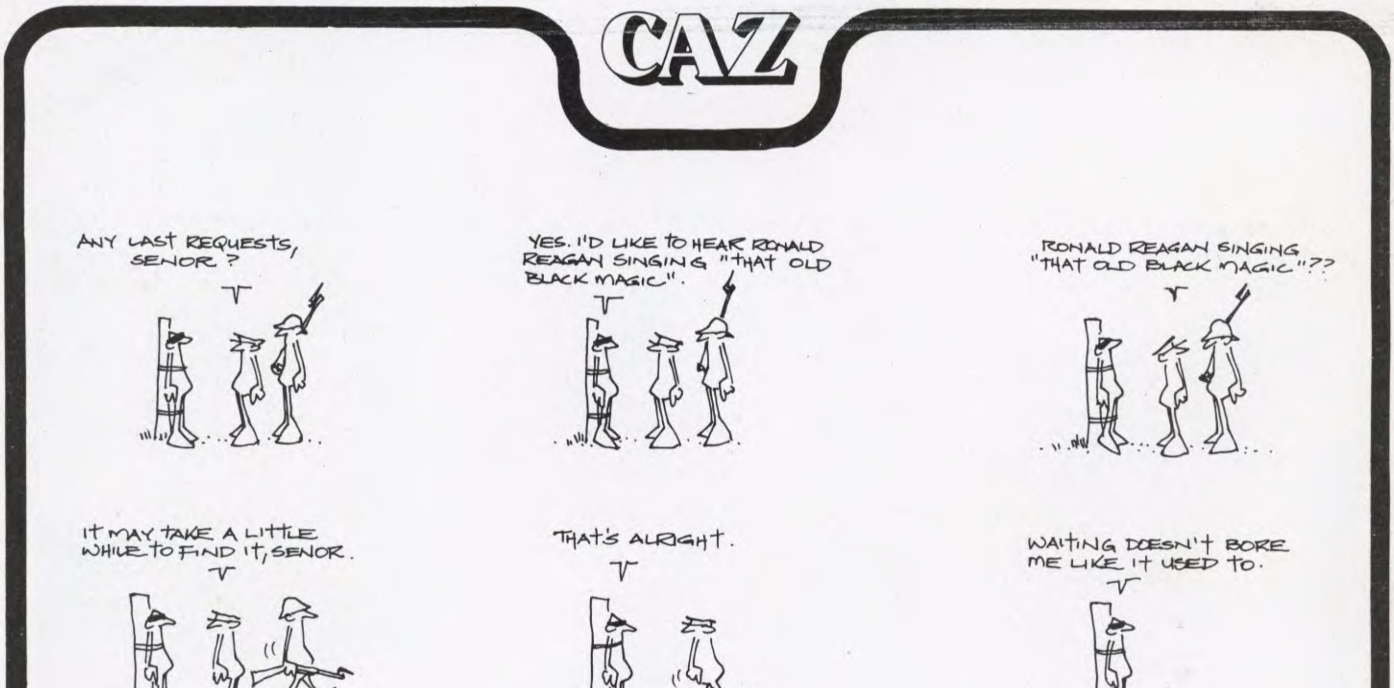
SW, Marlborough, Massachusetts, USA

What the doctor ordered

As an ex-GP, I used to regard the British Medical Association as rather pompous. However a recent article in the British Medical Journal proves that a sense of humour lurks beneath its skin. Their report on the opening round of membership voting had the headline, 'First Leg Over in BMA Elections'. Worthy of *Mayfair*?

(Name and address withheld)

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Write to Letters Editor, Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.


CAZ
ANY LAST REQUESTS, SENOR ?
YES. I'D LIKE TO HEAR RONALD REAGAN SINGING "THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC".
RONALD REAGAN SINGING "THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC"??
IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE WHILE TO FIND IT, SENOR.
THAT'S ALRIGHT.
WAITING DOESN'T BORE ME LIKE IT USED TO.

Flying low and slow, yet bristling with devastating weaponry, gunships have wreaked havoc on ground troops, vehicles, trains and ships in three major conflicts

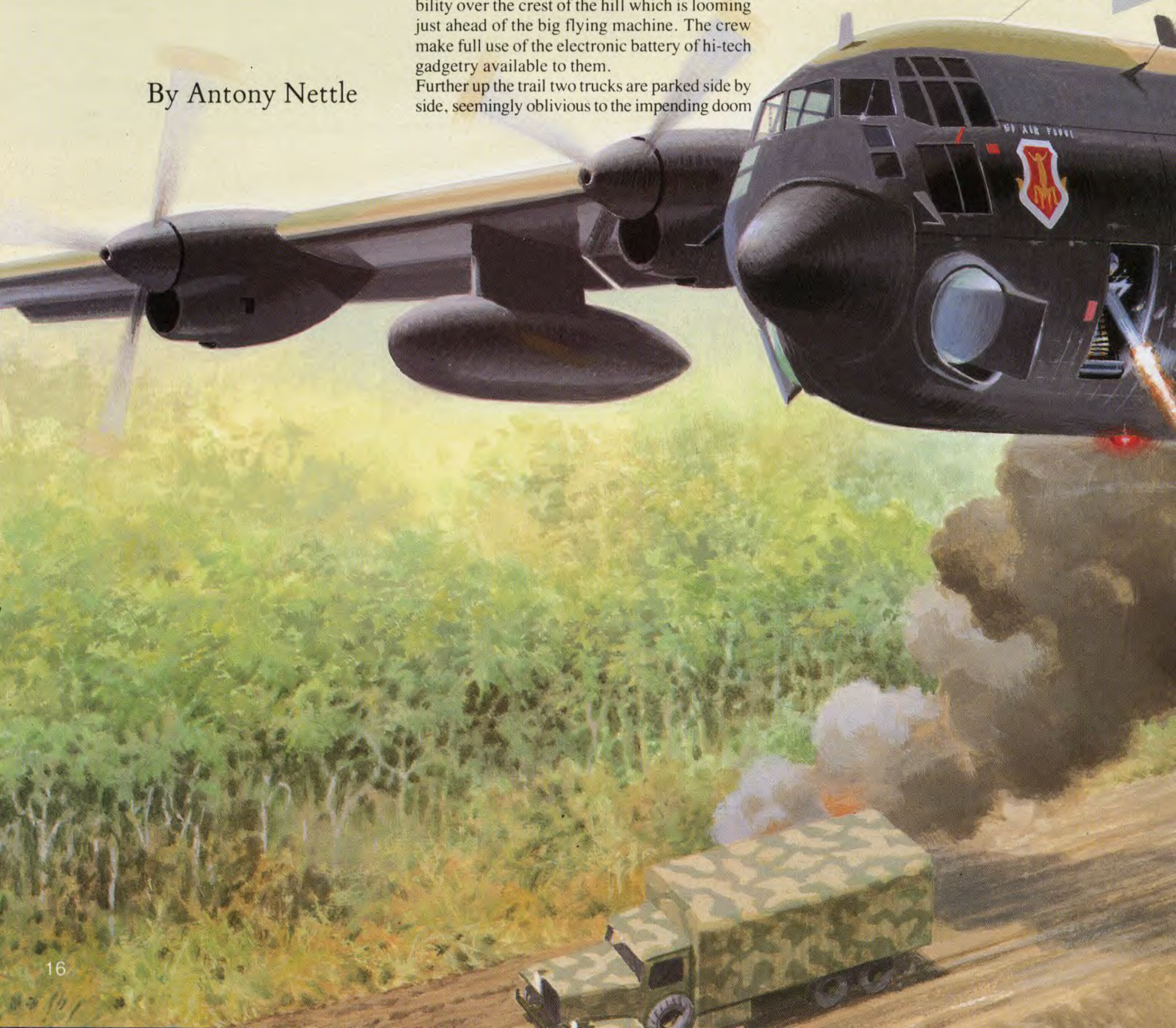
SPOOKIES, SHADOWS AND SPECTRES – THE DESTRUCTIVE HISTORY OF THE GUNSHIP

By Antony Nettle

Crack! Crack! Two 40mm projectiles slam down over the small truck careering wildly along the muddy track below. In an effort to track the fleeing vehicle the pilot takes his Hercules aircraft higher. The increased altitude gives better visibility over the crest of the hill which is looming just ahead of the big flying machine. The crew make full use of the electronic battery of hi-tech gadgetry available to them.

Further up the trail two trucks are parked side by side, seemingly oblivious to the impending doom orbiting high above. Adrenalin builds amongst the crew as the pilot bears down on the Viet Cong vehicles. Last-minute preparations are made as the aircraft swings into firing position.

Crack! Crack! Both shells overshoot, but three



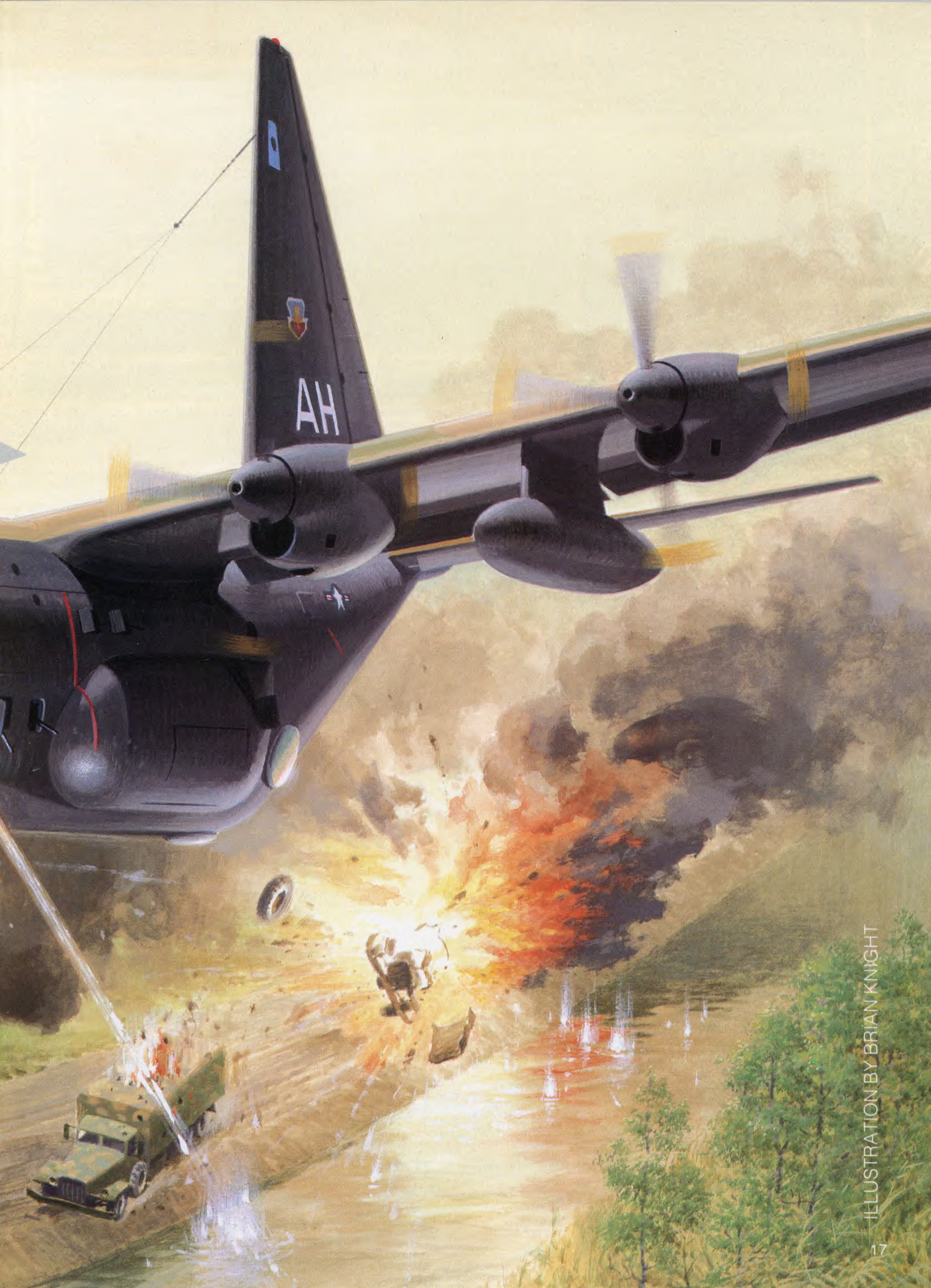
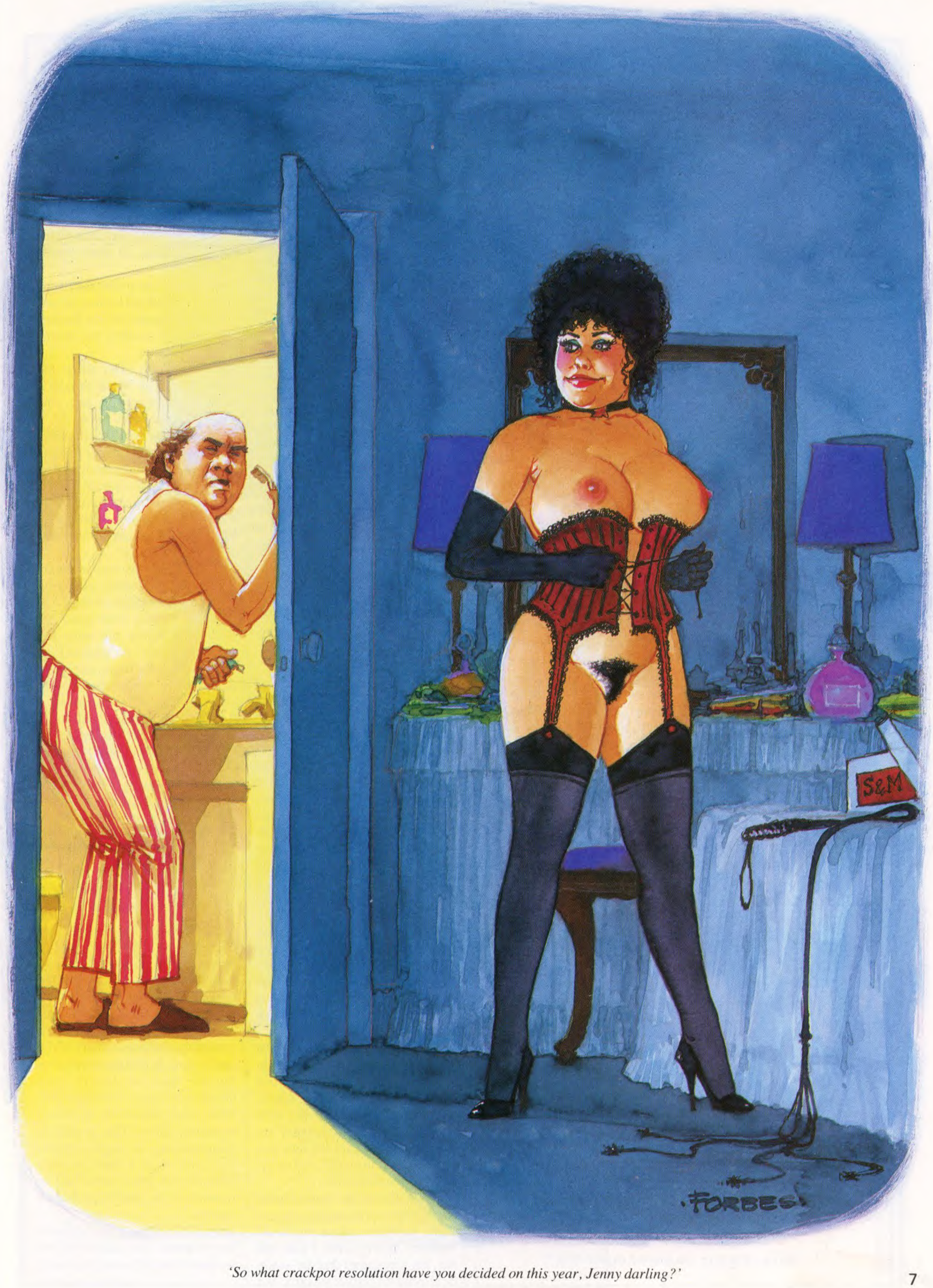


ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN KNIGHT



'So what crackpot resolution have you decided on this year, Jenny darling?'

continued from page 17

more rounds are fired from the aircraft and, one after another, the two trucks explode violently. Combusting petrol splashes illumination across the darkened jungle.

A third truck is ahead. Minutes later two rounds reduce it to burning, twisted scrap metal. From the back of the aircraft comes a warning of incoming anti-aircraft fire. The enemy fire misses by a wide margin and the mission continues as the tally of destroyed trucks climbs up to five, plus six damaged. Leaving aside the ethics of the Vietnam war, it's still an amazing count for a cargo plane with guns. By the early hours of the next morning the mammoth Hercules is safely back on the tarmac at Ubon airbase, unscathed from its six hour sortie.

The gunship concept stretches back long before the opening of hostilities in Vietnam; the true antecedants of the powerful AC-130 Spectre Hercules date back to the Pacific theatre of the Second World War.

Major Paul 'Pappy' Gunn came up with the idea of giving his Douglas Havoc light bombers extra strike potential, and modified his aircraft with four .50 calibre machine guns in the nose compartment. Strafing Japanese merchant ships was made far easier, but the total firepower was insufficient to sink armoured warships.

'Pappy' elected to try a more powerful aircraft, a North American B-25 Mitchell. To this sturdy airframe he bolted the tried-and-tested four .50s in the nose, then fitted an extra pair on either side of the cockpit and, for good measure, three more just forward of the bomb bay. The combined firepower was more than enough to slice merchant ships clean in two. March 1943 saw Havocs and Mitchells destroy an entire Japanese convoy of twelve merchantmen plus ten cruisers and destroyers during the Battle of the Bismarck Sea.

As the war progressed, so did gunship development. Mitchells rolled off the production lines factory-fitted with fourteen .50s and a hefty 75mm cannon in the nose. The A-26 Invader followed, going on to fight in Korea and again in the early stages of Vietnam.

By this time the gunship's role had changed from strafing ocean convoys to shooting up enemy rail and vehicular traffic. Thousands of trucks and hundreds of trains were destroyed in Korea by just three wings of Invaders operating there.

Then came Vietnam. Disrupting Viet Cong supply traffic moving along the Ho Chi Minh Trail was vital to the survival of the South Vietnamese army. Ever vigilant, the Viet Cong soon became adept at hiding from the Invader pilots. A new concept of gunship was called for.

Meanwhile, as development of the Invader proceeded through these years, the Air Force had begun conducting tests on a very different type of aircraft, the venerable old DC-3 Dakota.

The idea of side-firing weapons had first been put forward as early as 1927, with the aircraft flying in a Pylon Turn (so named due to the tight circular patterns flown around fixed air-race pylon markers). However, as with so many good ideas, the concept received little attention. The early 1960s saw the US Air Force being drawn further and further into the Vietnam situation, and it was Lieutenant-Colonel G C Macdonald who suggested the implementation of a side-firing system on a suitable aircraft. It was not until December 1962 that Ralph Flexman,an aerospace engineer, filed a proposal for a true gunship.

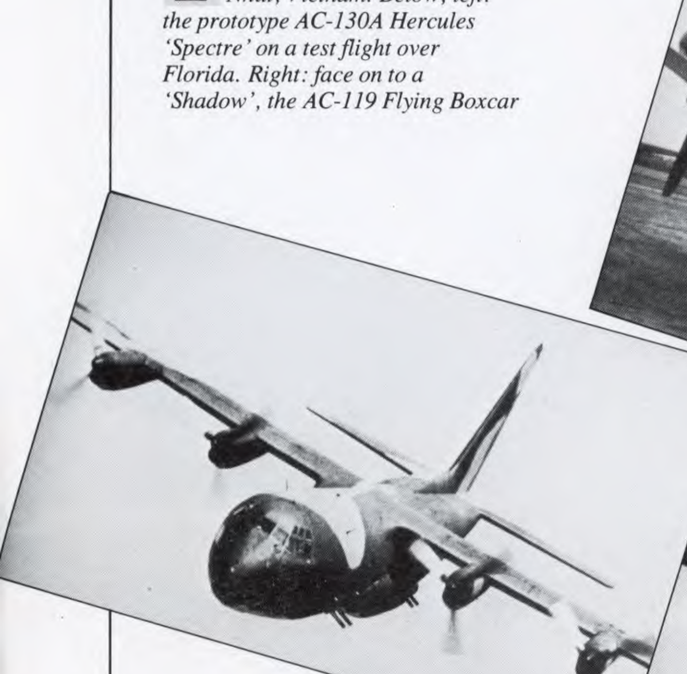
By April 1963 the matter had been passed on to the research station at Wright-Paterson Air Force base, and Captain John Simmons took over promoting the concept to the top brass. Refusal after refusal failed to daunt Simmons and, finally, official backing came. Trials began using T-28 and C-131 aircraft, known respectively as the 'Trojan' and the 'Samaritan,' to evaluate sighting methods, but it was not until August 1964 that the C-131 was coupled with any kind of armament. At Elgin Air Force base, Florida, the airframe was married to the brand new General Electric 7.62mm Gatling gun. With the capability of delivering up to 6,000 rounds per minute, the gun was bolted firmly into the transport's cargo hatch; the loading and ejection mechanisms were housed in an attached pod. Live firing tests could at last begin and the results amazed observers straight away. With the C-131 circling at 3,000 feet, a one-second burst scored twenty-five direct hits on a ten-foot target. Tests continued, and scores increased as the crew became more proficient at their task.

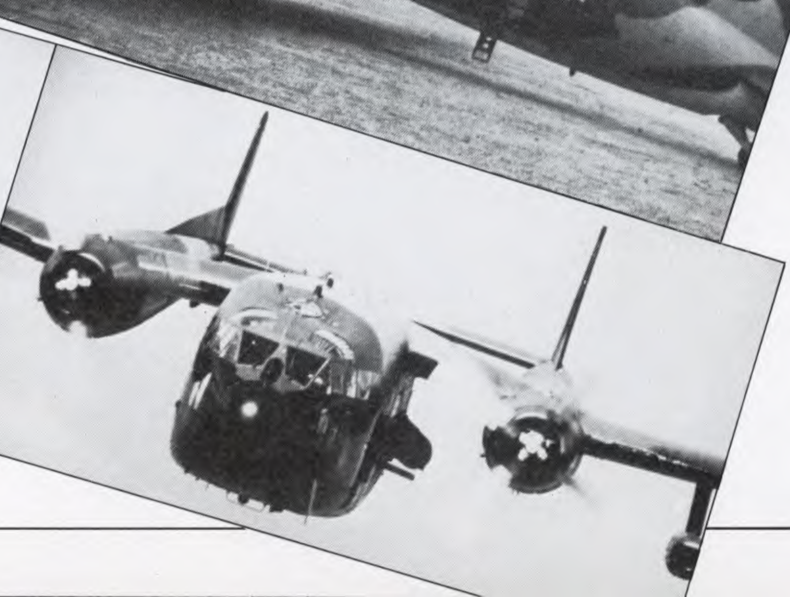
The final go-ahead filtered down from the upper echelons and Project Gunship 1 really took off. September of the same year saw the Dakota teamed up with the Gatling gun. Weeks later the aircraft, armed with four of the Minigun pods, left for operational evaluation in Vietnam.

Captain Terry was put in charge of the Dakota gunship project which began operations from

turn to page 26

In readiness for the coming night's mission, a 'Spooky', a Douglas Dakota AC-47 (right), sits on the apron at Tan Son Nhut, Vietnam. Below, left: the prototype AC-130A Hercules 'Spectre' on a test flight over Florida. Right: face on to a 'Shadow', the AC-119 Flying Boxcar





LETTERS
MAIL
E R

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

More clothes, please

I would like to congratulate you on your new style of editorial. Over the last few years your magazine has become better and better. However I would like to put forward a couple of suggestions. Firstly, it would be nice to see the models both fully clothed and undressed. Sometimes you do this, but most of the time your photosets start with a revealing shot. How about opening wth a view of each girl in everyday clothes, i.e. as you might meet her in real life, before moving on to her hidden assets?

Secondly, please show another set of luscious Sheila Hall (Vol 21 No 10). She has the most beautiful breasts, and the shots of her in the bath were fantastic. More photos like this please!

PG, Salisbury

Mayfair facts

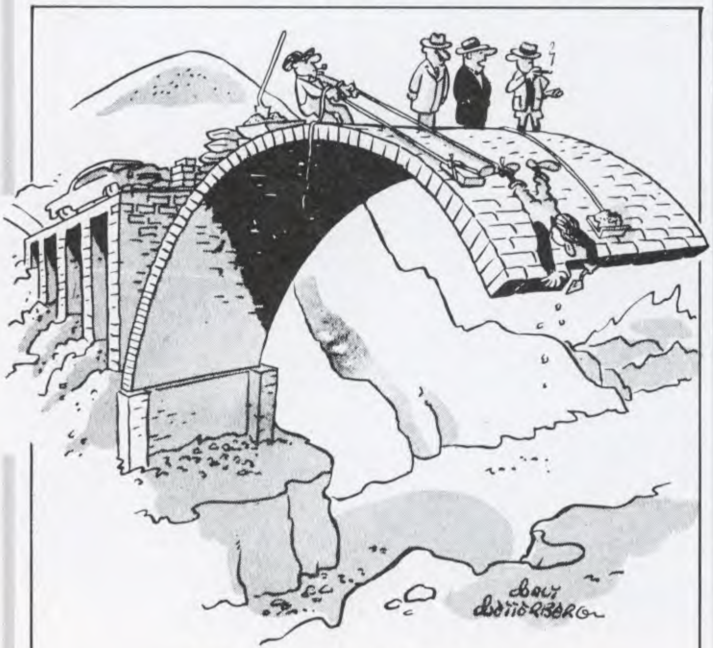
A couple of recent letters have prompted me to write for only the second time to your magazine. My 'Mayfair Index' (which I told you about in Vol 19 No 7) is able to provide some information for Lena, who wrote in Vol 21 No 7, requesting more leather and PVC pictures, and PK of London, who in Vol 21 No 8 told you about his love of tights.

If Lena can obtain Vol 21 No 4, Vol 14 No 4, Vol 16 No 5 and Vol 20 No 3 she will be able to get a few ideas with which to encourage her boyfriend. Those are the issues which feature her favourite attire. The odd leather skirt or plastic wrapping crops up elsewhere, but an exhaustive list would take up far too much space.

If PK is willing to delve into your back issues he can delight in pictures featuring tights prominently in Vol 4 Nos 4 and 10, Vol 9 No 1, Vol 11 Nos 3 and 4, Vol 12 No 3, Vol 14 No 6, Vol 16 Nos 2 and 3 and Vol 17 No 12. That should keep him happy for a while! (Incidentally, if *Mayfair's* back numbers department can't help with some issues, it might be worth trying 'Yesterday's Paper', 40 South View, Holcombe Rogus, Wellington, Somerset TA21 0PP).

Finally from my index the most popular girl's name to appear in *Mayfair* is Jane (17 times since Vol 6), followed closely by Barbara (14 times), and Penny (13 times). And a fashion note: *Mayfair* has featured mini-skirts for 17 out of the past 19 years, only missing them out altogether in Vols 14 and 15!

JB, Newcastle



'May I ask where you studied engineering?'

Delightful Davina

I must congratulate you on another excellent issue of your magazine, namely Vol 21 No 11. All the girls featured were superb, but the best of them all was undoubtedly centregirl Davina Hill.

This young lady was simply delightful. Every picture was superb, especially the cover, and she was wonderful to look at. The best had to be that on page 56, where Davina really looks gorgeous; her smile is both captivating and infectious. I hope we shall see more of her in a future issue.

CB, Chessington

Korean rhapsody

I am writing to tell you of an experience I had recently in South Korea.

I am an engineer, and my firm sent myself and three others to Korea last August to do some installation work. During our first week we found a local restaurant for our evening meal and, due to the kindness we received there, made it our 'local', becoming particularly friendly with the manageress, a woman called Gaye (I'm giving the English equivalent of her name).

After our month-long stint was over, we returned to England. But after only one and a half week's holiday I was sent back to Korea, though on my own this time, so on my first night I went straight back to my old 'local'.

Gaye was at first surprised, then very pleased to see me. Each night I went in she would sit and talk with me for as long as she could, even though she spoke very little English. Eventually I found out that she was 32 years old, only two years older than myself, and an ex-Miss Korea contestant.

She took a particular interest in the hotel where I was staying and one night suddenly asked my room number. Shortly after I had told her, she announced that she would be closing the restaurant early, but being none too sure of her English, or of Korean sexual mores, I didn't put two and two together, until 1.40 am when the bell in my hotel room sounded. When I opened the door, Gaye was standing there. She came in with a smile, turned the key in the door behind her, took off her coat and sat on the bed.

I was on my way to bed and had just taken off my shirt and vest, and, still not quite believing what was happening, sat down beside her.

Immediately she pulled me flat on the bed and started kissing me and pulling my hands onto her breasts. After that I needed no second bidding.

I didn't want to hurry things but Gaye was in no mood to take it easy. I have never seen my trousers come down so fast.

Peeling her own clothes off, Gaye quickly pulled my hands back to her nipples and made me to understand that I was to squeeze them as tight as I could and roll them around in my fingers. As they were already like Scammell wheel nuts that was quite easy.

Meanwhile Gaye was enjoying herself, playing with my equipment, until suddenly enough was enough. Rolling over onto her back, she pulled me onto and straight into her. As soon as I got into a rhythm she began tossng her head and crying my name, before we both reached our climaxes.

To be honest, as Gaye still looks fantastic, with her slim body and beautiful, thick-nippled breasts, I was surprised how badly she seemed to want me. Needless to say, however, I took full advantage of my good fortune right up to the morning I left again, so I had a good send off for the flight home.

AS, Tyseley

A close shave

The beginning of the first sentence of the second column of page 114 of Vol 21 No 3 reads: 'Her pubes had been shaven, and that beautiful tiny vulva winked invitingly.' To my mind the smooth hair-free vulva rates top among the most beautiful parts of a woman's body, and I find it disappointing that *Mayfair* does not feature more unrestricted views of the beautiful folds and curves of a young woman's vulva. This is doubly disappointing as approximately two fifths of all women on earth either do not grow pubic hair or remove it for health or beauty reasons.

Soon after Adelaide's nudist beach was opened, one quarter of the women attending were depilated,

turn to page 10

LETTERS

continued from page 10

and asked to use the mirror, and borrow some of my wife's perfume. I said yes, but when she came in my heart nearly stopped. She was in her white bra and pants, but because she was dressing up she'd added white nylons and a frilly white suspender belt.

I watched her dab perfume around her neck and between the deep vee of her breasts, and then take up her usual position in front of our full-length wall mirror. As she began dragging a brush through her hair, leaning right forward to let it hang free, I saw the white lace of her suspender strap bite into the smooth flesh of her thigh, and I had an immediate, and massive erection.

She chatted as she combed, and when she'd finished, came over to sit on the bed next to me. By then I was sitting up, bare-chested, though I was still wearing pyjama trousers under the bed sheet. My wife's perfume, which smelled quite different on Melanie, was thick in my nostrils, and after a few moments talking I couldn't help lifting my hands and stroking the back of her head. She went on talking, though she didn't make any objection, and I told her she looked really fabulous. She thanked me, and I brought my hands downs onto her bare shoulders and began gently to caress them. She giggled then, blushing slightly and told me, 'That's nice.' Then she gave a shudder and dropped her head, leaving her bra straps to slip down. The atmosphere was so tense now neither of us were talking. Then Melanie turned her head toward me, and caught sight of the very obvious lump I was making in the bed sheet.

I'm sure that we would have made love there and then if my wife hadn't chosen that moment to crash the front door shut downstairs. Melanie simply got up, pulling her bra straps onto her shoulders again and went out, chatting as brightly as ever. I was left with a raging erection, which even my wife couldn't take away because she was on her way out again!

Since then Melanie has been fairly restrained in her morning appearances — there's certainly been no repeat of the stockings and suspender belt, and I'm beginning to wonder if even she thought she'd gone too far. On the other hand she's shown no reluctance to continue her weekend visits, so God knows what the future will bring.

DB, Blackburn

Cut-out cuties

Your new art director is certainly making an impact — well done, John Clement! I've only one niggle: ringing the changes on letter column logos are one thing, but please leave the *Mayfair* title logo alone!

By the way, has the run of white covers with cut-out girls been a deliberate move? I like it — it gives an extra touch of class to one of the classiest mags on the market.

(Name and address withheld)

Cut-out covers certainly are deliberate and we think they give a distinctive touch to the magazine. Thanks to new computerised laser technology it's possible to lift a stunning girl out of a not-so-stunning background with nary a hair out of place. But there are limitations. One recent cover candidate had everything going for it as a picture, except that the girl happened to be standing in front of a large bush. As her hair was particulary 'flyaway', merging rather easily with the foliage, the computer threw a wobbly. The result was a cover designed perfectly for readers with a taste for girls with green faces and the silhouette of a rhododendron, but since our sales in Betelgeuse are still negligeable we decided to give it a miss.

Prussian praise

I am a reader of *Mayfair* since Vol 13 No 2, but your Vol 21 No 10 was one of your best. It begins with Ann Russell. Her best photo is to find on page 17.

Princess Siggi presents her pretty legs. Her black stockings do show off her legs. And she has a real nice bum. My favourite photo of her is on page 47. Lasting for hours I look at pages 55-63! Wow! Jayne Weatherfield is that girl for me! I would say: here is everything super. She's truly that girl of the month!

And while I remember me for

turn to page 130

TERRIFIC DOUBLE JIGSAW OFFER

Do girls go to pieces when you touch them? Our two will. That's because lovely Lesley and Lynda are featured on *Mayfair's* quality hand-cut wooden jigsaws. They are just waiting to be reassembled. Lesley is provocatively poised in her PVC boots, Lynda in a clingy, wet smock. Both are perfectly reproduced and measure 11½ inches by 8½ inches. What's more, you don't have to puzzle out which one to choose. Both our jigsaw girls will be sent to you, discreetly packaged, for just £4.99 Why not get them together today.

Please send me....(Qty) set(s) of the two *Mayfair* Jigsaws at the special offer price of £4.99

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £.............. made payable to *Mayfair* Jigsaw Offer.

Signed..

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

....

M221

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, THEN PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER

LETTERS

continued from page 8

which was done largely at the urging of the local doctor who recommended it to prevent cistitis, a common problem in the Australian climate. My wife would never be seen nude at the beach unless freshly shaven.

Please include in each issue some of your models showing *all* the beauty of their bodies.

LWA, Fulham, South Australia

That leaves us with the mind blowing question of how researchers know that two fifths of the women in the world shave off their pubic hair.

Just a thong at twilight

I wouldn't mind working out with lovely Noelle (Vol 21 No 11), or seducing her on a nautilus, or anywhere else, come to that! What a superb specimen of womanhood she is, with that long blonde hair, a face to launch a thousand ships and a body that I could easily worship with my own. More please.

I thought the article by Cy Young about the stunt pilot Paul Mantz was brilliant. As someone interested in anything to do with the film industry I found the article highly stimulating.

We never seem to see any letters from guys who like to dress up, or down, for their ladies. Oh, there are plenty of liberated young women who wear stockings and suspenders, baby doll sets etc. to please their boyfriends/husbands, but never any from men like myself, who sport tiny posing pouches, raunchy leather, rubber, PVC etc. to delight their partners. I can't be the only one — so come on, guys — let's hear from you!

My penchant for sexy men's wear began with Anne. She was 42 and married, but also my lover when I was about 21. Her husband worked nights quite often at a local factory, so while he was out I was in . his wife!

Anne and I had worked together down south before I moved up north to live. Not long after, she and her husband and their 18-year-old daughter — who was decidedly 'tasty' too — moved up here when the husband lost his job.

To cut a long story short, Anne and I resumed our friendship, and extras; it was thanks to *Mayfair*, actually, that we became lovers. Both Anne and I enjoyed reading your magazine, and it was through discussions concerning the lovely girls featured, and the letters, that we progressed eventually to love making.

Anne and I sent off for a catalogue of women's and men's wear — stockings, suspenders, basques, pouches, jockstraps etc. — to see if there was anything we liked. Anne chose a black satin basque, a tiny pair of black, wet-look, thong panties and black fishnet stockings, while urging me to get a miniscule red, wet-look posing pouch and a black leather jockstrap.

To keep things secret between the two of us, the items we ordered were delivered to my house. The next time Anne's husband was on nights I popped round to see her, clutching a carrier bag full of our naughty garments.

Anne looked so sexy dressed up in the basque and rest of her outfit, while I felt incredibly randy in my tiny, wet-look pouch. When I told Anne she laughed and gave me 'Randy' as a nickname. And how I felt it — as I expanded my collection of gear to dozens of different posing pouches, jockstraps, leather, rubber and PVC wear.

Anne followed suit, amassing an amazing assortment of basques, suspender belts, stockings, baby doll sets, G-strings, saucy panties etc, which she would wear on our nights of sex together.

For almost three years we were lovers, enjoying all the varied pleasures we could think of. Anne loved to be mounted and ridden doggy-style while wearing a basque, stockings and high-heels, with my cock thrusting, big and hard, in and out of her. Her husband never did suspect anything, and nor did her daughter, who married and moved out soon after the family came north.

Unfortunately it all had to end. Anne's husband was made redundant and went back down south, taking Anne with him. But my memories of a lovely lady and some splendidly naughty nights remain undimmed.

AS, Hull

Relatively teasing

The other night some friends and I were discussing prick teasers in the pub, and I reached the conclusion — though I didn't admit it to them — that I have suffered more than most from one particular tease.

She is my wife's younger sister who for some years now has spent weekends with us. When she first started coming she was no more than a schoolgirl and as thin as a rake. But now Melanie (name changed) is 19, and her figure has really filled out. Her boobs must be a good 38 inches and her bottom is beautifully rounded.

Having her around so often has always been annoying, even before she became such a distraction, but she gets on very well with my wife, who believes she deserves a break from their mother. What has kept me in two minds since the start is that Melanie has always had a bit of a crush on me, and at 30, and occasionally feeling a bit worn out, I must admit I've found it flattering. Not that it really does me a great deal of good!

Melanie's favourite trick is to appear in our bedroom on Sunday mornings when my wife has gone downstairs and has left me to have a lie-in. She's usually dressed only in bra and panties and wants to use my wife's full length mirror, as there is only a small one in the spare room. Her excuse is that she needs a big mirror to comb her hair, which is long, blonde and extremely sexy.

It struck me some time ago that a full length mirror is not needed to comb one's hair, and even if it was, why not leave it until she was properly dressed? But that obviously isn't the point of the exercise.

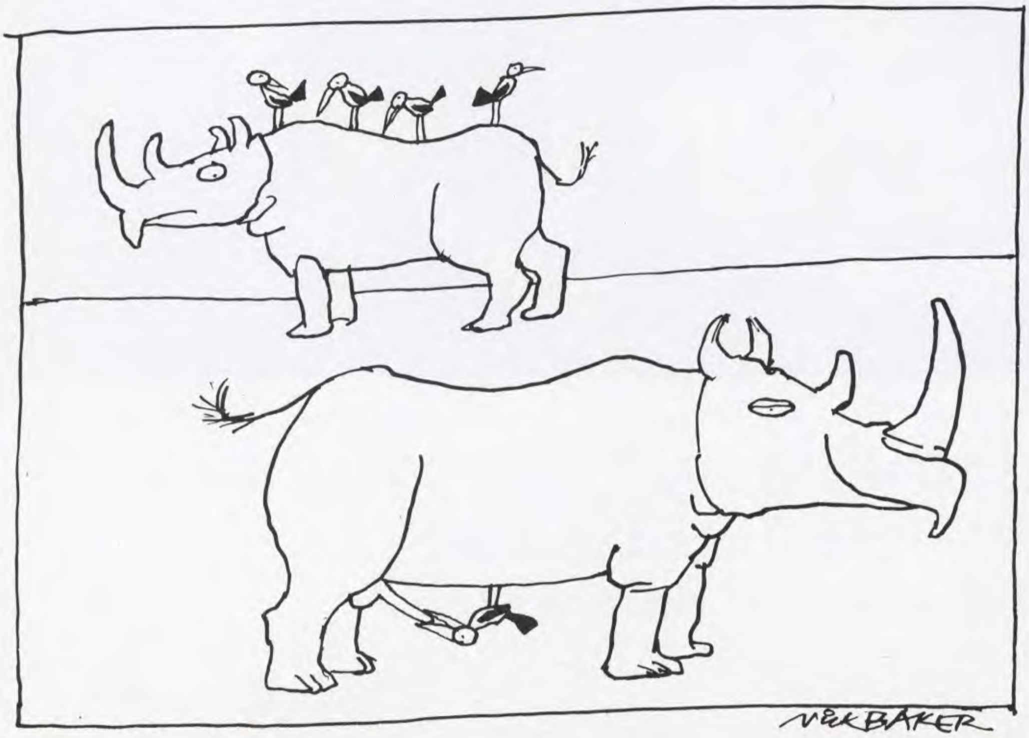
Her most common underwear is a pair of tight, white cotton pants, which leave very little to the imagination and a skimpy bra which makes her ample boobs spill out at the top.

She has never made a direct pass at me, or even said anything sexual. But the erotic tension between us is undeniable. I can't believe she is unaware of it, when she wanders about virtually topless and with her pubic hair bulging through her pants, and especially as she has seen me with an erection (even if it was hidden by a bed sheet) on more than one occasion. In fact she seems to hang about even longer if it looks as if I'm about to get out of bed in that state.

The closest we've ever got to doing something about it was one Sunday morning a few weeks ago. My wife had gone to the newsagents, leaving me to my usual lie-in, while Melanie got herself ready for a Christening the two women were attending later.

Within a few minutes Melanie popped her head round my door

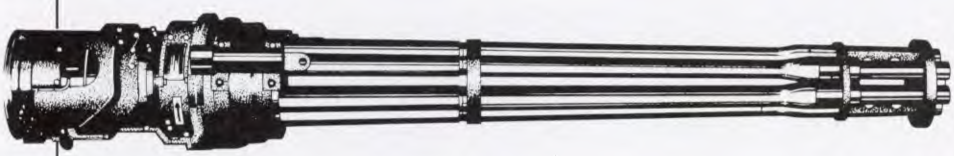
turn to page 127



continued from page 18

Bien Hoa in October 1964. Final modifications to the Dakota — now designed the 'AC 47' — were undertaken and, once finished, she sported three of the Minigun pods aimed out of two windows and the main cargo hatch. The gunship was mounted in the left cockpit window, the trigger being fitted to the pilot's control wheel. He controlled all the weapons, the gun crew merely ensuring that ammunition was in constant supply. Modifications to the forward cargo hold enabled the storage of 24,000 rounds of ammunition and forty-five flares. Electronic additions included VHF and UHF radio, FM Command radio, and numerous avionics rigs.

It was on one of the earliest missions, flown in defence of a small hamlet in the Mekong Delta, that a ground observer christened the AC-47 'Puff the Magic Dragon'. With missions being flown at night, and every fifth round a tracer shell, the sight of an attacking gunship looked like nothing so much as a fire-breathing dragon.



The M61 A1, an electrically powered 20 mm cannon, as used on the Spectre gunships. Employing the principle of the Gatling gun, its six revolving barrels could deliver 6000 shells per minute — 100 every second.

The official name of 'Spooky' came about early in 1966. One air controller made a passing reference to 'that spooky Dak', and so the name stuck.

Spring 1965 saw the arrival of a second AC-47, whilst a Miami-based aerospace company was contracted to convert twelve Dakotas to AC-47 configuration. With the operational successes of these aircraft, demand for more Spookies began to exceed the numbers being converted. As a result, field crews cobbled their own weapons packages to Dakota airframes, utilising ten .30 Browning machine guns per aircraft. These, however, served as little more than a stop-gap. The first fully-fledged operational squadron went to war in Autumn 1965, promptly gaining one of the highest loss rates in South Vietnam. The pilots were generally younger than their aircraft, few having even been trained to fly heavy, tail-dragging, propeller aircraft. Vietnamese weather and enemy ground fire took their toll, as did heavy radar-assisted anti-aircraft batteries whenever Spookies were sent out along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Six aircraft were lost in rapid succession, and the type was withdrawn from operation in the area. Once again the venerable old Invader took over Trail interdiction, along with the B-57 Canberra, until an AC-47 replacement could be procured.

New missions were allotted to the Spookies, these regularly requiring operations with other types of aircraft. Spooky often flew flare drop missions, or acted as a Forward Air Control platform for Phantom and Canberra jets. Other missions paired Spooky with a sister variant, the C-47 'Gabby'.

Gabby was a standard Dakota airframe equipped for psychological warfare missions. Large loudspeaker systems were installed in the cargo bay of the aircraft, thus enabling a South Vietnamese soldier to broadcast the benefits of his government to the Viet Cong hiding in the jungles below. Gabby — also known as the Bullshit Bomber — would fly in a tight, low-level circuit while the trooper would implore the enemy not to shoot at his plane. If they did, he promised they would regret it. Unknown to the Viet Cong, a Spooky was orbiting just behind the Gabby. Naturally they would open up on Gabby and, seconds later, Spooky would open fire and devastate the area.

In operations from late 1964 until early 1969, AC-47s defended over 6,000 hamlets, forts and firebases. That none of these fell while a Spooky was overhead is a testimony to the aircraft's awesome firepower. As the AC-47s were phased out of USAF service, eighteen Spookies were handed over to the South Vietnamese whilst others went to Laos, Thailand and Cambodia.

Development of a new, more powerful gun platform came under the auspices of Project Gunship 2. Returning from the first AC-47 operations in 1965, Captain Terry was convinced that bigger had to be better. The Air Force wanted a gunship with greater payload capabilities and longer range. There was only one aircraft that could fulfil the requirements: the C-130 Hercules.

A C-130A became the first testbed, armed with four of the newer MXU-470 Minigun modules, four 20mm M-61 Gatlings, and an assortment of night mission systems. A Night Observation Device, infra-red sensor, simple computer and a 20 kilowatt searchlight were also fitted. The summer of 1967 saw the C-130 put through its paces over the test ranges at Elgin, Florida. Everything began to fit into place, and two crews were trained and despatched to Hna Trang late in September. It was not until November that the 'Super Spook' got its first taste of truck-hunting along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Once over the Trail, the infra-red systems picked up a convoy of six trucks moving south. Fifteen minutes later all six vehicles were in flames — a spectacular debut by any measure.

A rapid decision was made to procure Hercules gunships in quantity, and an initial batch of seven were fitted out. These versions were endowed with more up-to-date night electronics such as Forward Looking Infra-Red, a precision fire control computer and a moving target indicator radar. Teething troubles were plentiful, yet four of the aircraft left for Vietnam late in 1968, the other three following a year later.

A ninth airframe was upgraded in Project Surprise Package when an AC-130 was up-gunned with two 40mm Bofors cannons in the rear. Further electronics packages were fitted, including Low Light TV, side-viewing radar and a laser rangefinder

Surprise Package was a very advanced machine indeed, its new systems turning night into day for the gunship crews. The blackest nights and densest jungles could no longer hide the Viet Cong troops. 'Super Spook' crews could detect engine and exhaust heat from vehicles, even the combined body heat of congregating troops. Once locked onto a target by the computer, the big 40mm guns could rip a truck open like a tin can.

Further production runs of the aircraft introduced more and more advances, not to mention more powerful engines. When tanks started using the Trail, 57mm anti-tank guns and even 106mm recoiless rifles were tried in the capable airframe before the 105mm howitzer used by the US Army was selected as the ideal choice. What the 40mm Bofors couldn't knock out, one 44lb howitzer shell certainly could.

It came as no surprise that these 'Spectre' gunships became the most effective weapons systems used against North Vietnamese traffic on the Trail. During the 1972 Easter offensive, the Spectres had to turn their attention to Soviet-supplied T-54 and T-55 battle tanks. With over 600 tanks on the loose, South Vietnamese troops found themselves overwhelmed and with no option but to call in American air support.

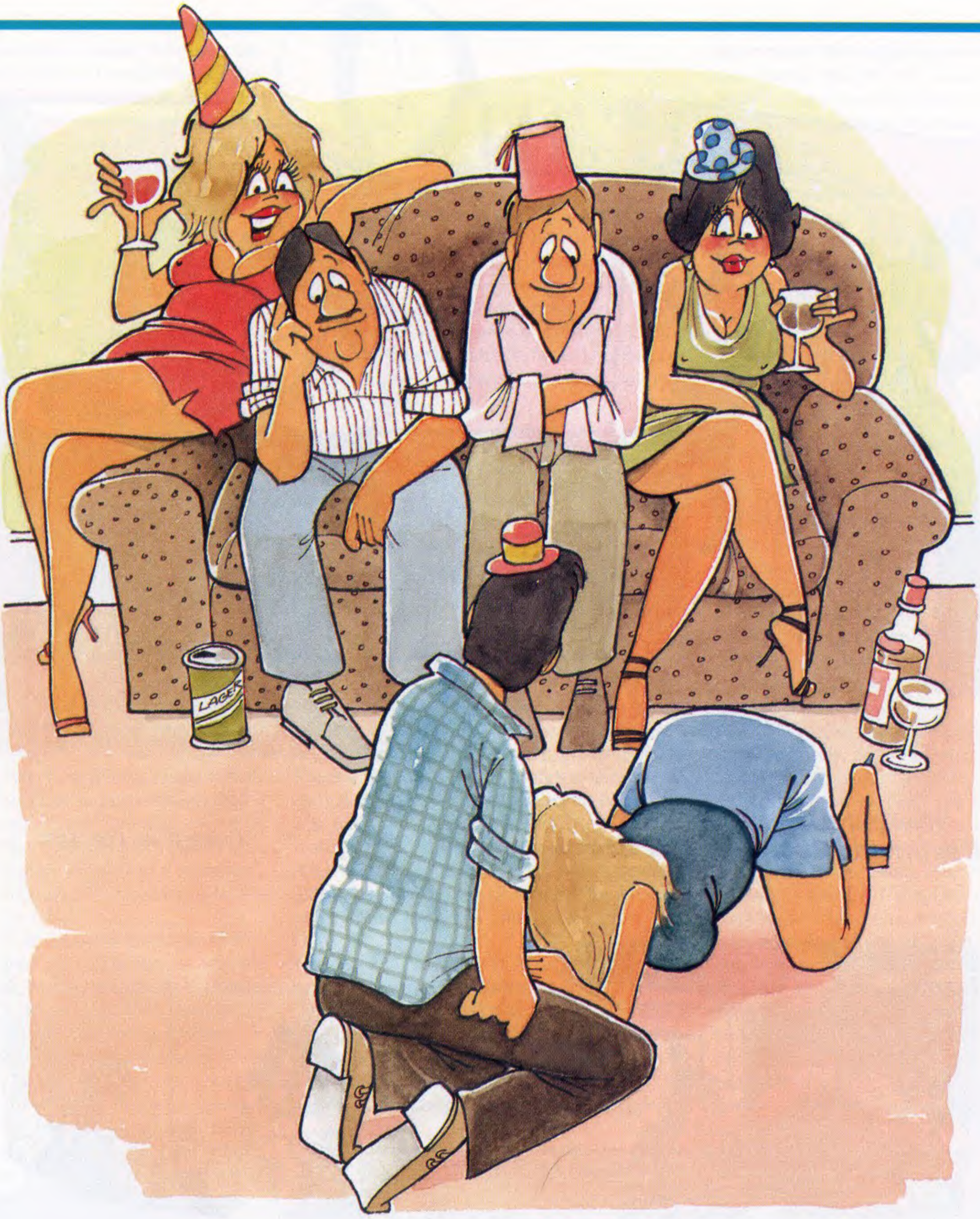
For days on end the Spectres battered enemy tanks and troops with ceaseless fire and, during a battle for the city of An Loc, ground troops several times called a Spectre in to lay down fire on the Viet Cong just across the street from them. Other Spectres operated as Forward Air Control Platforms on a round-the-clock basis, and directed Phantoms wielding laser-guided bombs. In an attempt at retaliation, Soviet heat-seeking missiles were loosed off at the Spectres. One was hit but managed to struggle back to base. Two were not so lucky. The fight continued and, once the last North Vietnamese troops were driven from An Loc, the chief of South Vietman's air force proclaimed that his city had been saved by the combined efforts of the Spectre and the mighty B-52 Stratofortress.

Before US involvement in Vietnam came to a close, one more gunship variant was implemented, this being the lesser-known AC-119 Shadow. As far back as 1967, the Air Force had been split between the need for Hercules transports and the desire for Spectre gunships. The only alternative, other than return to the AC-47, was to press a new airframe into service. Thus was born Project Gunship 3. The 'new' airframe turned out to be another ageing transport type, the Flying Boxcar, a twin-boomed giant in service with many units of the Air Force Reserve.

February 1969 saw the placing of a contract for the modification of some fifty-two airframes, half as basic gunships, the remainder as more sophisticated night-time truck hunters. Armament came in the form of four 7.62mm Minigun pods and, later, MXU-470 modules. A 20 kilowatt xenon light, night observation packages, flare dispensers, a fire control computer and associated avionics were also fitted to the ugly aircraft.

The AC-119s proved to be just as capable as the bigger AC-130 in most ways, yet they were never accorded the fame of the Dakota or

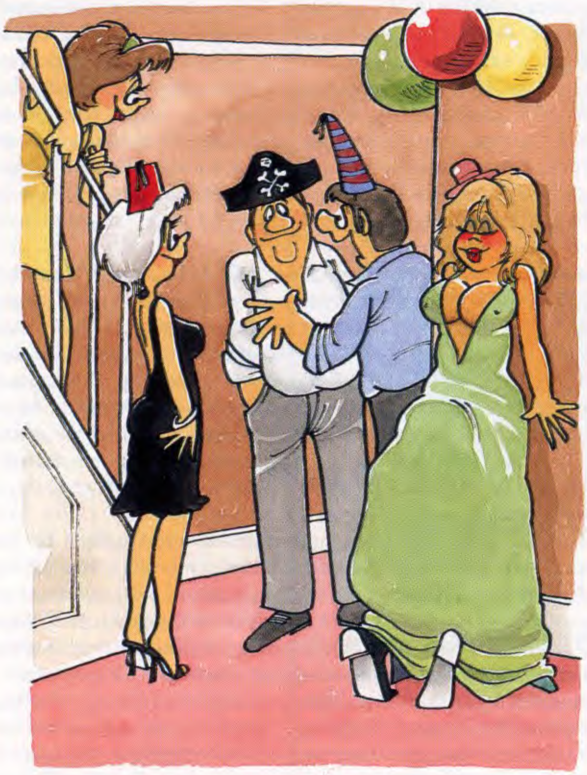
turn to page 124



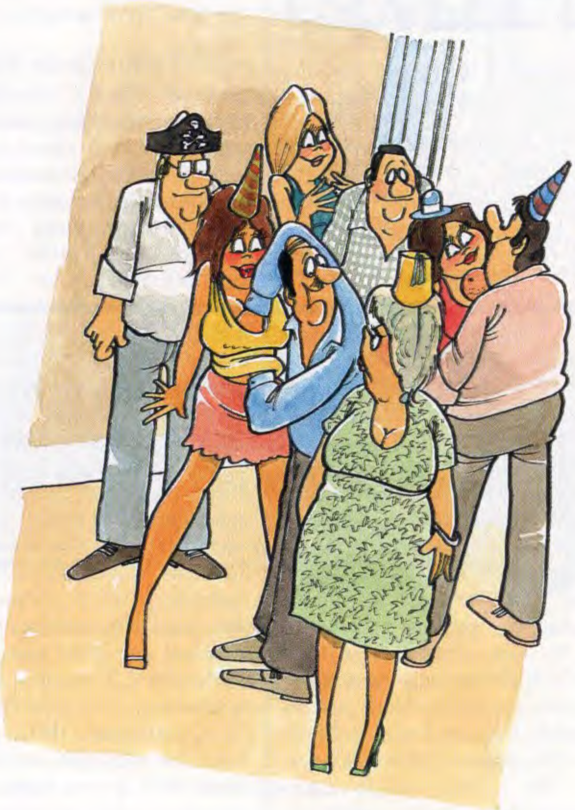
'Is it a film, a play or a book?'

Hide 'N Sex

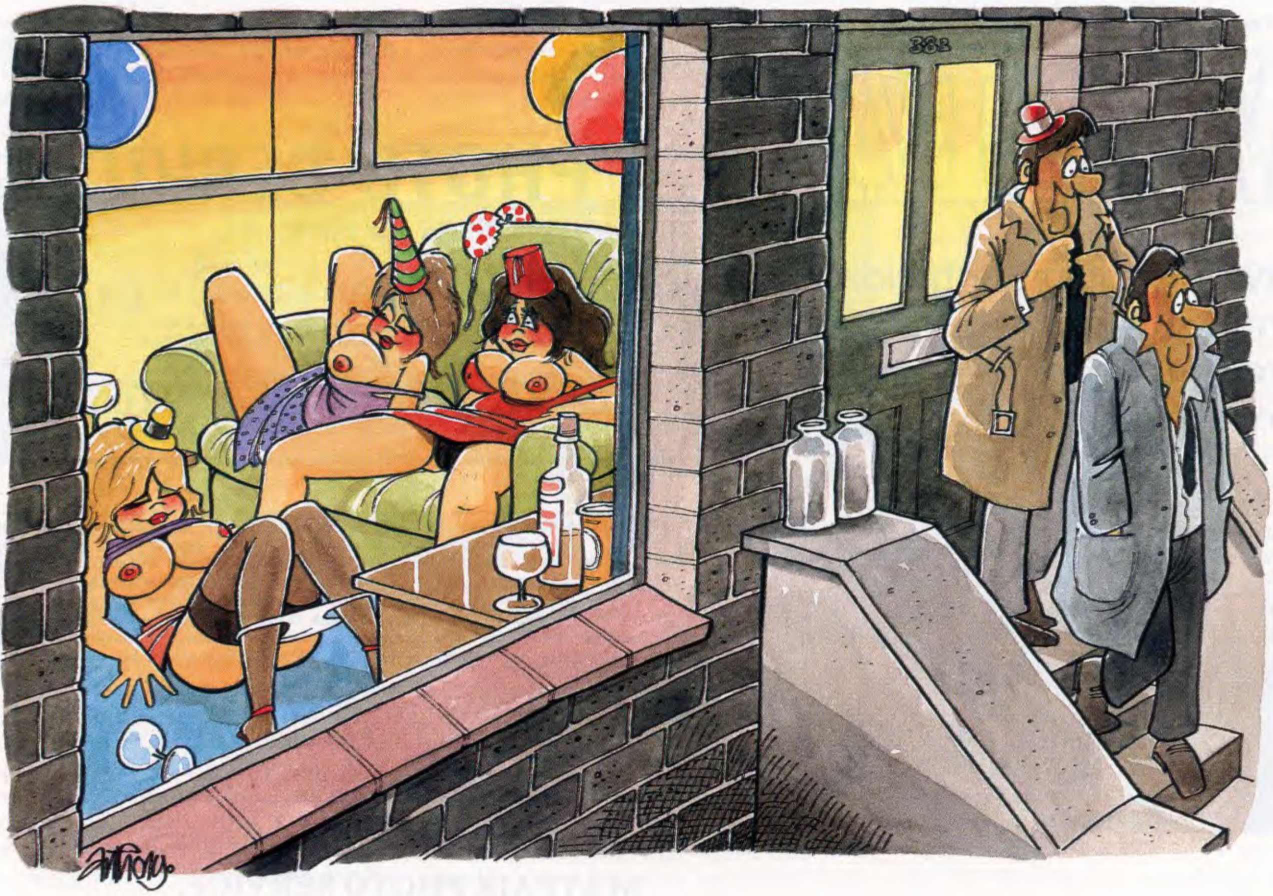
Nothing breaks the ice at party time
quicker than playing a game. And, as cartoonist Anthony observes,
some party-goers are game for anything



'There's just Nigel to find now.'



'I've . . . er, lost the orange again dear.'



'We never did find the thimble.'

continued from page 26

Hercules gunships. The Shadow squadron went about its business until deactivated at the end of September 1971, some 2206 disabled trucks credited to the fat AC-119s.

As the conflict came to a close with the fall of Saigon, the Air Force implemented operation 'Frequent Wind'. This entailed the total evacuation of all US forces occupying the city, along with as many South Vietnamese refugees as possible. Once all Air Force aircraft were gone, the South Vietnamese forces at Tan Son Nhut airfield concentrated on flying out as the Viet Cong closed in. Not all of their aircraft got away, many being shot down even before clearing the airfield boundaries. Those that made it headed for Thailand, bar two Douglas Skyraiders and a solitary AC-119 Shadow inherited from the US Air Force. One Skyraider was shot down almost straight away, but the other soldiered on in a vain attempt to stem the advance of the Viet Cong.

With the Skyraider for company, the Shadow's Vietnamese crew spent much of the morning strafing the Viet Cong troops who were located outside the airfield boundaries. Eventually only the Shadow remained and, having landed to refuel and rearm, it resumed the battle. It had hardly got aloft before a shoulder-fired SA-7 missile slammed into its belly. Thus ended the gunship's career in Vietnam.

Although the Spookies and Shadows were laid to rest, the Spectre was soon back in action over Cambodia. In April 1975 the country's native Communist guerilla, the Khmer Rouge, succeeded in taking control of the country. Less than two weeks after the fall of Saigon, a US-registered container ship was on route to Thailand. The 10,776 ton SS *Mayaguez*, belonging to Sea-Land Service, Inc., was cruising through international waters when, 68 miles south-west of Cambodia, it was captured by several Khmer gunboats. The merchant vessel was taken to Koh Tang island whilst the crew were imprisoned on Koah Rong Sam Loem island.

President Ford authorised a full-scale rescue attempt and the US Air Force moved into overdrive, employing an extraordinary variety of aircraft types. All told, Phantoms, Corsairs, F-111s, Sikorsky helicopters, Hercules transports and Spectre gunships were utilised, whilst 230 US Marines were also drafted in.

The Spectre was the first aircraft to be involved in the actual operation. A single AC-130E was despatched to keep track of the small boats traversing between the *Mayaguez* and Koh Tang island. Having caught the Cambodians' attention, the Spectre found itself under fire from gunboats and heavy island-based anti-aircraft batteries. As a gunboat moved in to transfer the ship's crew to the Cambodian mainland, the Spectre fired warning shots across its bows but the warning was not heeded and it took a further, heavy barrage to send the boat aground. However, the threat posed by the circling Spectres did not prevent the transfer of the ship's crew.

Next the big Sikorskys landed the Marines on Koh Tang, depositing them in two groups at either end of the island. Heavy fire left two of the helicopters burning on the beach, a third ditched just off-shore, and two irreparable once back on their carriers. Fifty-four Americans remained on the island and, under fighter cover, more Marines were once more brought into action, this time providing cover for the advancing troops. With things hotting up on the island the US Navy sent a fighter wing, from the carrier *Coral Sea*, to initiate a first strike on nearby Ream airfield. Seventeen Cambodian aircraft were promptly reduced to wrecks. A second strike destroyed Kompong Som oil depot. Just as B-52 Stratofortress bombers were being readied on the Pacific island of Guam, the Cambodians decided enough was enough and released the *Mayaguez* crew. The incident, however, was far from over. Marines had boarded the *Mayaguez* and it was now in tow by the destroyer *Holt*. A small Thai fishing boat brought out the *Mayaguez* crew to another destroyer, the *Wilson*. It was now time to evacuate the Marines from Koh Tang. To facilitate this, reinforcements first had to be brought in, enabling the two groups to link up through sheer force of numbers.

Meanwhile Air Force Phantoms, Corsairs and Spectres were laying down heavy fire on the Cambodians who were still putting up a spirited defence. So much so that as dusk fell the situation was becoming critical. Eventually more Sikorskys were called in to pick up the Marines whilst a Hercules transport offloaded a 15,000 lb concussion bomb on the Cambodian positions. With little time to recover from this, the Khmer troops found themselves under the concentrated fire of several circling Spectres.

It was this concerted effort which finally enabled the safe evacuation of the Marines from Koh Tang. Afterwards, official credit went to the Spectre crews, whose gunners sometimes had to lay down fire on Cambodian positions less than 150 feet in front of the Marines.

More recently the Spectre proved crucial in 'Operation Fury', the controversial US invasion of the Caribbean island of Grenada in October 1983. Once more, air support was delegated to the big gunship, now in its updated AC-130H variant. Initially the Spectres of the 1st Special Operations Wing performed night reconnaissance flights over Point Salines airport, coming under heavy anti-aircraft fire in the process. The gunships were soon called in to strafe the same defensive positions around the airport.

Indeed, the Spectre was to be the principal USAF combat aircraft used in the skies over Grenada. As the operation proceeded, Spectres helped repulse a counter-attack by the Peoples' Revolutionary Army. One wounded Marine helicopter pilot had more cause to be grateful to one Spectre crew when they laid down covering fire as a rescue helicopter moved in. The Spectre was also credited with bringing about the surrender of the last Cuban defenders.

The Spectres have since been spared any military operations of a violent kind, though they were to have been used during the bloody Islamic revolution that deposed the Shah of Iran when, in April 1980, diplomatic negotiations failed to bring about the release of 66 American hostages held since the preceding November. The military rescue plan went very wrong, due to mechanical failure and in-flight collisions. Had it proceeded as planned, two Spectres were to have moved in to supply covering fire for the rescue itself.

Away from wars and political debacles, Spectres have used their powerful lighting and electronic equipment to aid the location of survivors of an airliner crash deep in the Everglades. They have also given much-needed data on fires and gas clouds resulting from a 116-car derailment in Florida. Present plans have the Spectre force operating well into the next decade and there is as yet no replacement aircraft scheduled.

The three gunship types proved themselves one of the few military successes in Vietnam, yet the final accolade to the gunships goes not to the Dakota or Hercules variants, but to the little-known AC-119 Shadow. With Viet Cong troops closing in on all sides, a lone American GI was told by a circling Forward Air Control pilot that a flight of Phantoms was on its way. The serviceman's angry reply was "Screw the F-4s, get me a Shadow!"

'What a coincidence — my husband delivers your wife's milk!'

The Mayfair Book Society

All readers of Mayfair are members of the Book Society

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

Unquestionably our most popular book of all time. Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will readily testify to the enormous and lasting impact that *Sexual Techniques* has made upon their lives. In 42 full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate separate love-making positions. In the accompanying text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own and her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened pleasure. They show how parts of the body can be fondled during intercourse and how thrusting movements of the legs, thighs and body can increase satisfaction.

£6.95

20th CENTURY MASTERS OF EROTIC ART

This magnificent, full-colour coffee table volume contains 163 newly photographed works, many being seen publicly for the first time. It includes Picasso's *Dos Figuras y un Gato*, his study of cunnilingus, and Igor Mead's detailed close-up of the vagina. £10.50

ALSO AVAILABLE

HOW TO LAST LONGER £9.85

DEAR DOC £3

THE PILLOW BOOK £6.70

SEXUAL POSITIONS

Here is a book which depicts the sheer horniness of sex like no other we've ever seen: a beautiful woman gives herself completely to a handsome man throughout 224 full colour photographs. Extremely arousing, yet tasteful, *Sexual Positions* provides an imaginative guide to all aspects of love making.

NOW IN HARDBACK £9

The Most Rewarding Sex Book Ever

Sexual Happiness is the most sophisticated guide to physical love we've encountered. Aided by the most intimate illustrations, including oral sex and penetration, it offers a tried and tested means of evaluating and improving your sex life. *Sexual Happiness* is available in three forms — the limpback *Sexual Happiness For Women* (£6.95); the limpback *Sexual Happiness For Men* (£6.95); or a hardback edition combining both the previous books (£12).

In part one you discover your sexual profile, and depending on the answers, you are guided to the next relevant section of the book, which may include the 'problem charts'. There are five chapters: Sex Profile; Problem Charts; Ways To Improve Your Sex Life; a section dealing with the woman who has a steady partner; and a single woman. There's advice on how to perform oral sex; best positions for deep penetration; how to choose a vibrator and how to use it; and how a woman can give herself pleasure in other ways.

SEXUAL HAPPINESS FOR MEN £6.95

This volume adopts the same five chapters as the women's version, but each aspect is dealt with from the man's point of view. Subjects covered under the 'Problem Charts' chapter include low self-esteem, masturbation, premature ejaculation, and in the chapter 'The Man With A Steady Partner' advice is offered on dealing with sex drive discrepancies, avoiding sexual boredom, infidelity and jealousy.

SEXUAL HAPPINESS — A Practical Approach £12

This is the deluxe hardback edition which combines the above two volumes, and is a complete plan for evaluating and improving your sex life, with the emphasis on self analysis and self help. Ideal for the couple at home, it nevertheless offers practical and confidence-boosting advice for both unattached men and women. It deals constructively with the rich and diverse pattern of human sexuality.

To: Mayfair Book Society: 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me, under plain wrapper, the books I have ticked.

How to Last Longer £9.85 ☐
Sexual Happiness (joint edition) £12 ☐
Sexual Techniques £6.95 ☐
Sexual Happiness For Women £6.95 ☐
Masters of Erotic Art £10.50 ☐
Dear Doc £3 ☐
Sexual Happiness For Men £6.95 ☐
Sexual Positions £9 ☐
The Pillow Book £6.70 ☐

I enclose cheque/PO for £..... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Or debit my Access/American Express Account

My Card No is.......................................Name...

Address...Signature.................................

Orders clearly printed with name and address on plain paper are acceptable. Prices include postage and packing, and books are sent under plain cover. M221

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡♡ **Nothing In Common** (15), 1hr 59 mins. Watching a stallion and mare perform on a client's stud farm has an invigorating effect on David Basner (Tom Hanks), a youthful creative director of a Chicago ad agency. One glance at his client's stunning daughter (former model Sela Ward) and the couple are disappearing into the long grass. But Ms Ward is an equally ambitious executive in her own right, and when Basner finds himself increasingly involved in the divorce of his elderly parents (Jackie Gleason and Eva Marie Saint) — to the neglect of his career — Ms Ward's ardour cools appreciably. Hanks, veteran of *Splash*, *Moneypit* and *Volunteers*, is in splendid wisecracking form, but the emotional undertones are downbeat and thoroughly serious.

***♡♡ **Short Circuit** (PG), 1hr 39 mins. When a lightning bolt strikes an experimental, artificially intelligent, laser-armed weapon system — actually a skeletal robot on twin caterpiller tracks — something extraordinary occurs. Frankenstein-fashion, model number five comes alive. Soon it's escaped from the research laboratory, is devouring the contents of encyclopaedias in seconds, doing John Wayne and Three Stooges impressions, and charging to the rescue of a curvaceous animal lover (Ally Sheedy), who is determined to protect her robot charge from the attentions of its understandably alarmed manufacturers. Steve Guttenberg is its creator, only convinced of its sentience when it laughs at one of his jokes. Very much in the *E.T.* mould — and just as schmalzy — but superbly done.

***♡ **Labyrinth** (PG), 1hr 35 mins. Gnomes who zap passing fairies with aerosol sprays; one-eyed plants which swivel to watch passers-by; door knockers with human faces who quiz callers; muppet creator Jim Henson blends myth, magic and bizarre visual invention in the tale of 16-year-old (Jennifer Connolly) who must negotiate a vast labyrinth to rescue her infant brother from the clutches of goblin king David Bowie. Aimed at the kiddies, but with a Terry Jones' script and original songs by Bowie.

*** ♡♡ **Heartburn** (15), 2hrs. Randy Washington newspaper columnist Mark Forman (Jack Nicholson) picks up divorced New York food writer Rachel Samstat (Meryl Streep) at a wedding, beds her, weds her, gives her a daughter and, halfway through a second pregnancy, falls for someone else. Rachel leaves him, forgives him, finds he's still being naughty and exits for good. Well-acted but unexceptional dissection of a marriage. Chiefly for Nicholson and Streep fans.

♡♡ **Smooth Talk (15), 1hr 32 mins. Fifteen-year-old Californian Connie Wyatt (Laura Dern) flirts outrageously at her local shopping mall, dons plunging necklines on visits to a hamburger bar frequented by 'older' men (i.e. 20-year-olds) and dreams endlessly of romantic encounters. But when a genuinely older man (Treat Williams) calls at home when she's alone, displays detailed knowledge of her private life and smoothly claims they will become lovers, Connie's urge for adventure vanishes. Does she, or does she not go for a ride with the mysterious Mr Friend? And what happens then? A slight tale, well-acted.

***♡♡ **Running Scared** (15), 2hrs. When conducting lengthy car chases along Chicago's elevated railway system (switching tracks to avoid oncoming trains), or dangling by rope from a 14-storey building are everyday activities, it's no wonder that undercover detectives Ray Hughes (Gregory Hines) and Danny Costanzo (Billy Crystal) are troubled by intimations of mortality. But before they can take a well-deserved retirement in their own Key West bar they are pledged to rid the streets of a murderous Colombian drug smuggler (Jimmy Smits). A familiar cops-and-cocaine dealer yarn, enlivened by spectacular stunts and flashes of humour (Hughes conducts an affair with a married woman by arresting her whenever he fancies some nookie.)

MAYFAIR

PHOTO SERVICE

DEVELOPING and PRINTING

Have your glamour, holiday or family films developed and printed through our own unique photo service. Discretion is assured.

12/20/24 exp. FOR ONLY £3.50		36 exp. FOR ONLY £4.50
plus 30p p&p per film	No of films	Total £

E6 35mm mounted slides 20 or 36exp **£5.00** (£1 for total failure)

plus 35p p&p per film	No of films	Total £

Enclose Kodacolour, Sakura, Boots, Tudor, Fuji (C41 process) films in 110, 126 or 135 sizes only. This service is NOT available for black-and-white, Agfa, Submin or Half Frame films. Place films in a strong envelope together with a cheque or postal order made payable to MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE. No processing Saturday or Sunday. Film accepted on basis that its value does not exceed material cost. We reserve the right to change prices without prior notice and to alter finishes/materials subject to exigency of production. Full credit for all unprinted negatives.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

M22/1

Send your order to:

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE Reg Office, FPC (Advertising & Marketing) Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Captivating Carina Jensen (Vol 18 No 5) is one of the girls in our five issue bargain packs. For £3.75, enjoy Vol 16 Nos 6 and 11, Vol 17 No 11, and Vol 18 Nos 5 and 6.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 15 No. 8 *(Saucy Sally, Lost locos of Barry Island)* £1.20; **VOL. 16 No. 6** *(Queen's hairdresser, MG Magic)* £1.30; **11** *(Jannie from Page Three, Gymslip Capers)* £1.30; **VOL. 17 No. 4** *(Delicious Debbie Boyland, Billy Bishop: VC air ace)* £1.30; **7** *(Bonnie Langford look-alike, Sex-mad Rasputin)* £1.30; **8** *(Joanie Allum nude, Windsurfing wizards)* £1.30; **11** *(Tula, the James Bond sex-change starlet, Jensens)* £1.30; **VOL. 18 No. 5** *('Dynasty' star, Hot rods)* £1.45; **6** *(Nude Miss Weymouth, Hendon's historic aircraft)* £1.45; **7** *(Bond beauties — Maud Adams, Joni Flynn, and Camella Thomas)* £1.45; **VOL. 19 No. 1** *('Whose Baby?' hostess Nikki Critcher, Wild West gunfighters)* £1.45; **2** *(Miss Yugoslavia's nude debut, Joan Crawford full-frontal)* £1.45; **3** *(*Mayfair *scoops the* Penthouse *pet, Porsches)* £1.45; **4** *("Starbird" Carol Needham, Nurse Andrea)* £1.45; **5** *(Lindy Benson, Britain's first great air race)* £1.45; **6** *(Lingerie model Helen Masters, Rio's carnal carnival)* Issue banned by Menzies, £1.45; **9** *(Top model Nike Clarke, Sunderland flying boat)* £1.45; **10** *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle, Gambling at Monte Carlo)* £1.45; **12** *(Joanne Latham, 40 Girls of the Year, Morgans)* £2.25; **VOL. 20 No. 1** *(Top models Tracy Dixon, Sian Adey Jones, Molly Parkin short story)* £1.65; **2** *(Page Three pet Jane Warner, Brides in the bath murders)* £1.65; **3** *(40-in busted Danuta, Angie Lyn)* £1.65; **4** *(Stars who stripped for the cinema, Burke and Hare)* £1.65; **6** *(Bouncing boobs video, the Surrey puma)* £1.65; **7** *(We bare the new Bond beauties, Epic Cruise of the Emden)* £1.65; **8** *(The Sun's virgin strips, Early balloon pioneers)* £1.65; **9** *(Lynette Gordon, British International gymnast bared, We fly with the Schneider Trophy pilots)* £1.65; **10** *('Superbitch' Stephanie Beacham, Sinister Dr Crippen)* £1.65; **11** *(Marvellous Marina, The Black Watch)* £1.65; **12** *(Paul Newman's nudest co-star, General Patton)* £2.50; **VOL. 21 No. 1** *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; **3** *(Miss Austria nude, Kent's vicious smugglers)* £1.65; **4** *(Marianne, the girl who beat Joan Collins to Peter Holm's bed, Spitfire)* £1.65; **5** *(Starbird of the Year finalist Tracy Neve, Andrea Kovic, The Kayak raid on Singapore)* £1.65; **6** *(The de-throned Miss France, Kamikaze)* £1.65; **7** *(The real Makepeace look alike, Nuclear submarine disasters)* £1.65; **8** *(Page Three and TV star Gail Thackray, Sylvannia the Test Match stripper, Sexy schoolgirl Sarah Whittle, Opel GTs)* £1.65; **9** *(Nudest Cambridge MA, Prussia's army of giants)* £1.65; **10** *(Princess Siggi strips, Alfa Romeos)* £1.65; **11** *(TV hostess Sue Lee, Death of a stunt pilot)* £1.65; **12** *(Lydia's ghostly strip, E-type Jaguars)* £2.50; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 3,* £2.25; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 4,* £2.50; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 5,* £2.65; *Best of Mayfair No. 6,* £2.65.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or
these separate issues ....
Name ....
Address ....
....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ ....
Reg. London No. 875169 M22/1

WINE

Charles Fforde

With so many hangovers around after the Christmas festivities, it's not wine but *water* this month! Nothing so common as Thames Water's draught, but the still and carbonated delights that have prompted the publication of *The Good Water Guide*, by Maureen and Timothy Green, recently.

Perrier has been around since 1800, and is probably the Earl Grey of mineral waters in quality and sales. *Highland Spring* is its British opposition, and which embraces own label supermarket brands such as *Sainsbury's Scottish Spring*, *Tesco's Highland Spring*, and *Safeway's Highland Spring*. The springs are at Blackford in the Ochill Hills. The company acquired them in 1979, and capped two of the seven identified after borehole testing. Both are piped in stainless steel downhill to the bottling plant. The other two British entrants in the Guide (from Rosendale Press, price £6.95) *Buxton Spring Water*, and *Schweppes Still Malvern Spring Water*, come under the same heading: still, and moderately carbonated, with low mineralisation. The EEC wisely imposes restrictions on authorized treatments, microbiological criteria, bottles, and, importantly for the retail point or sale, labelling and commercial designation.

Why, you may well ask, does natural water cost up to 80p and 90p to drink out of a bottle? 'The cost is the glass, the bottle, the presentation, and the advertising,' says Peter Taylor, managing director of Maison Petrus, sole distributor's of *Highland Spring* in the London area. For every 25 cases of house wine Mr Taylor's company supplies to his wine bar and restaurant customers, there are no less than 15 cases of mineral water added to the same order.

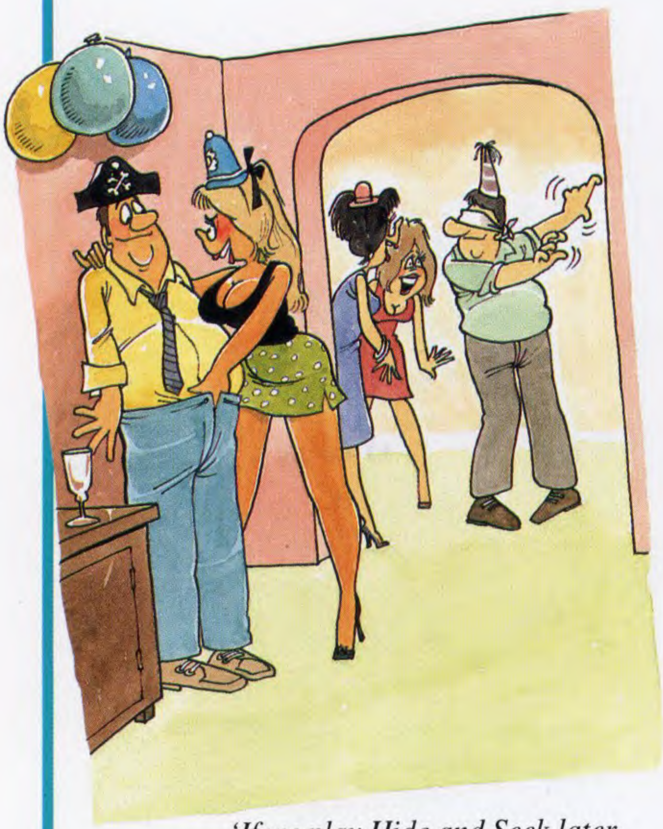
In their book, the Greens say they visited 30 countries and reported on 150 waters. 'Not only for the chateaux-bottled great names of France, but the regional waters of Italy, Spain, and California's Napa Valley . . .' Connoisseurs, of course, choose the right water for the right occasion, just like wine buffs. The sharp lemony sparkle of *Perrier* from France, or *Apollonaris*, from West Germany, makes a good aperitif. The lighter, natural carbonation of France's *Badoit*, Italy's *Ferrarelle* and Belgium's *Bru* goes well with food. The pure still waters of *Evian*, *Vittel* or *Volvic*, from France, *Panna* from Italy, or *Font Vella* from Spain are not only good table waters, but recommended for mixing baby formulae. Smart French ladies keep a bottle of *Contrexville* to hand. Highly mineralised, it is said to preserve their figures, and also acts as a diuretic. And *Vichy Celestins* is preferable to *Rennie's* as an aid to digestion! These mineral waters are all bottled at source, without treatment, under tight governmental regulations, in the best European traditions.

In Britain today we are rediscovering the benefits of natural mineral water. Around 150 years ago Harrogate, Bath, and Cheltenham Spas were all the rage. The English renaissance came with the introduction of *Perrier* in 1974. Perrier's share of the UK market is 50 per cent of the bottle water we drink and 75 per cent of the sparkling variety. Yet, we only drink in a year what the French, Belgians, and Germans get through in a week! However, the growth in the British mineral business over the last ten years has been staggering (metaphorically speaking, of course!) From £2,000,000 in 1975 to £50,000,000 in 1985.

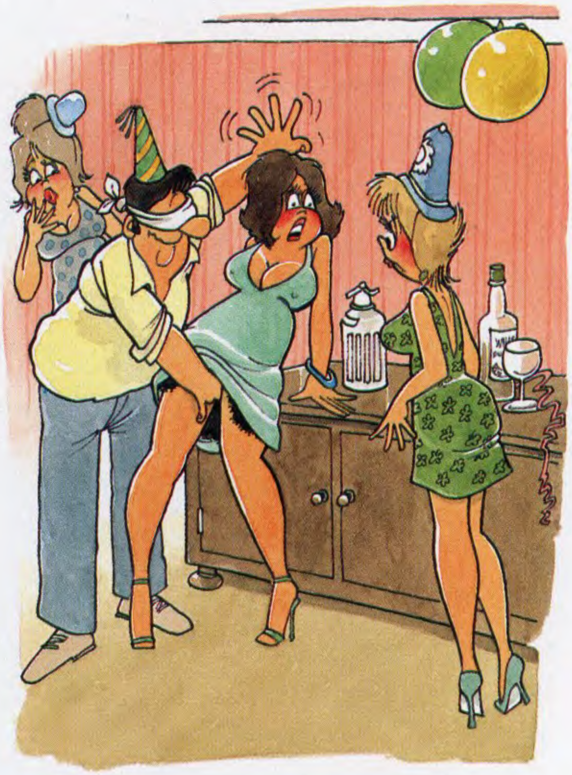
The late Julian Bowes of Aqualac Spring Waters, which markets *Perrier* in the UK, was speaking the truth when he said, 'People are less concerned to get smashed now. Drinking habits are lighter. People drink lager, not beer; wine, not spirits. *Perrier* is *the* adult soft drink — an interlude to alcohol.'

Now I think that after all this talk of water, it really is time I decanted a *Margaux* with my supper this evening.

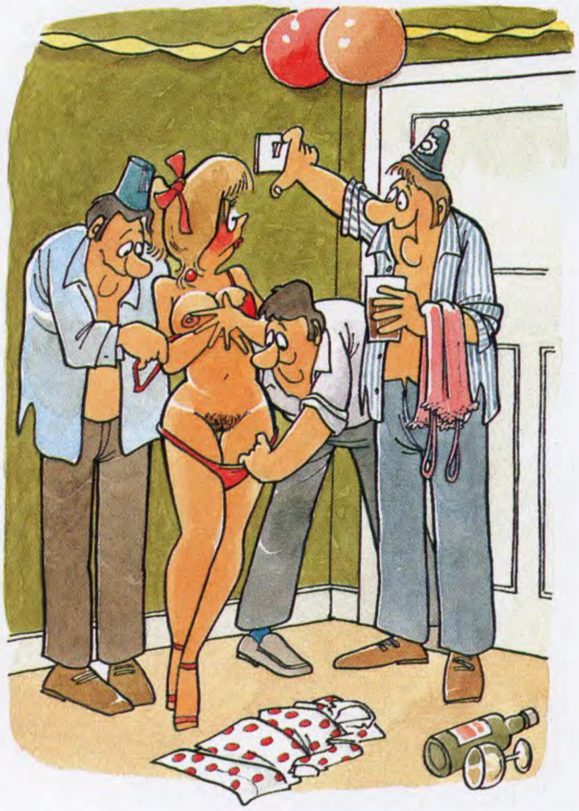
CATERING CORPS
edwards



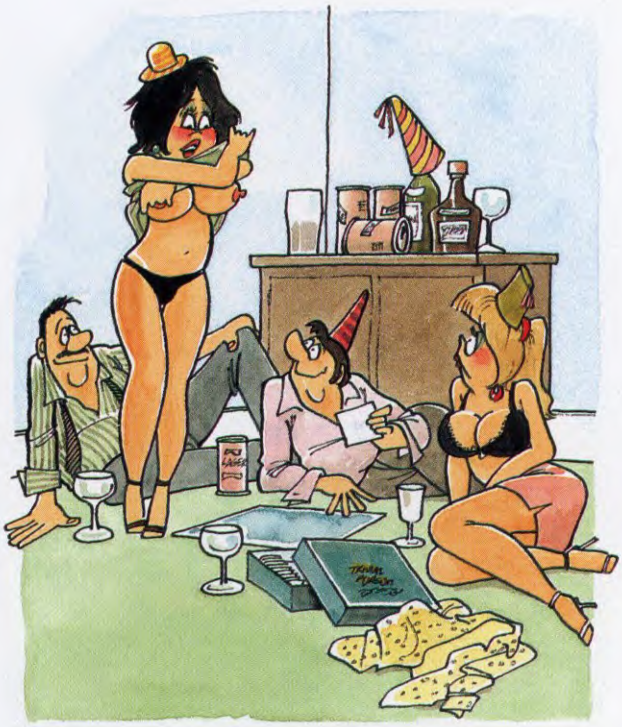
*'If we play Hide and Seek later,
I'll be in the cupboard under the stairs.'*



'I swear he can see.'



*'. . . and when we switch the light back on again,
you have to guess whodunnit.'*



'Well, I've *never heard of strip
Trivial Pursuit before.'*

Those Virile Vikings -their sea raids and sex rituals

When not savaging northern Europe, they had multiple wives, made love in public, and expected the favourite slavegirl of a dead chief to have sex with all his men before her own sacrifice

By Steve Wright

What do Charles the Bald, Ivan the Boneless, Erik Bloody-Axe, Bue the Fat, Juice-Head, Cat-Back, Harold Blue-Tooth and Sigurd Worm-in-the-Eye have in common? Apart from having ridiculous names, they were all members of one of the lustiest and most feared races ever to pick up the sword for plunder. They came from the northern lands of ice and snow in stripe-sailed, dragon-prowed vessels that could out-manoeuvre any other ships on the seas. They attacked without warning on the vulnerable coastlines of Britain, France, Ireland and Spain,

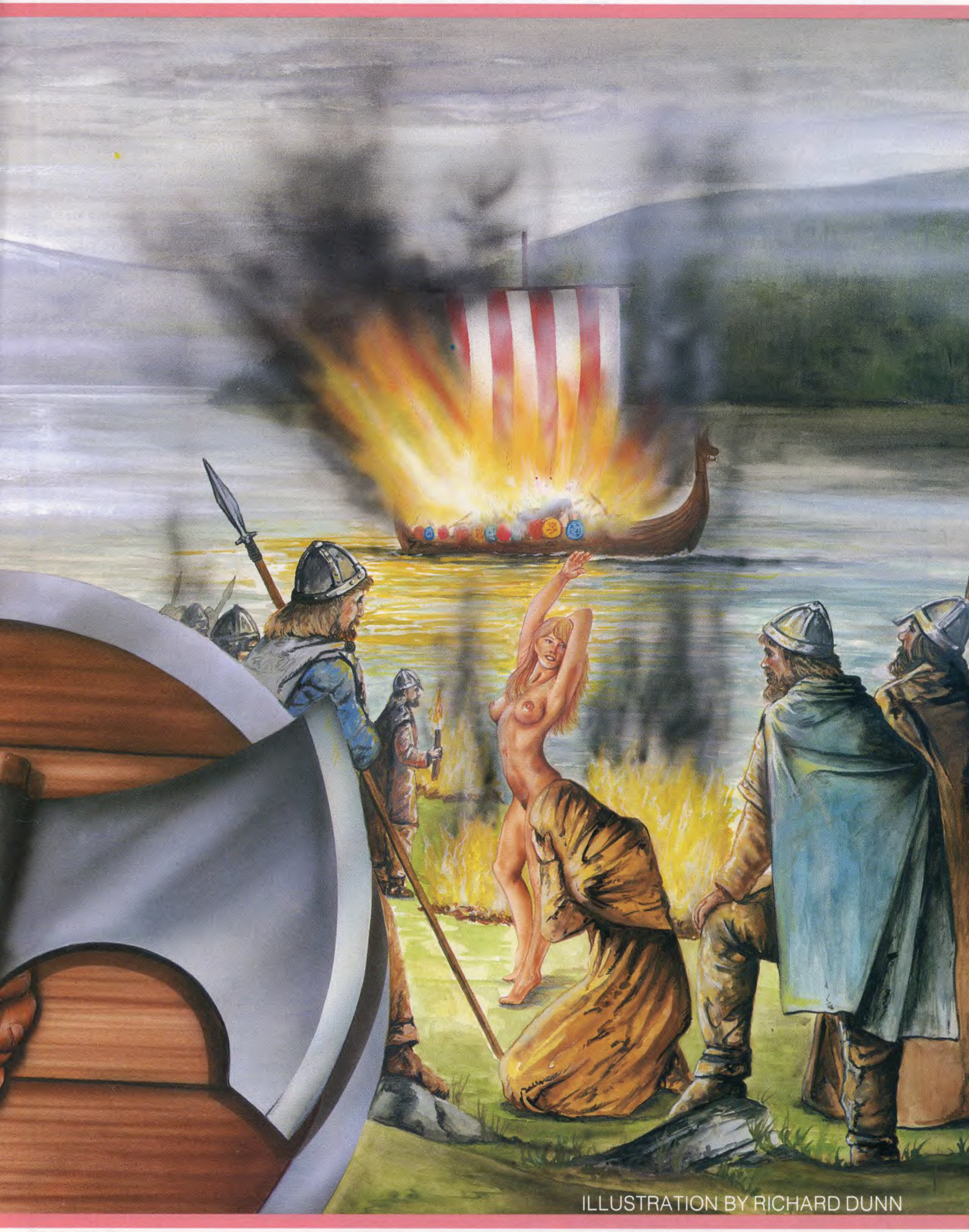


ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD DUNN

continued from page 45

leaving destruction and chaos in their wake as they slipped over the horizon as quickly and silently as they had arrived. Pillage, murder and rape were perpetrated daily. If their names and their gnomish looks were comic, their savagery was no laughing matter. From the monasteries of northern France arose the prayer, 'Save us, O God, from the wrath of the Northmen.' 'Never before,' wrote an English monk in 793, 'has such terror appeared in Britain as we have now suffered from a pagan race, nor was it thought such inroads from the sea were possible.'

In many ways the Vikings could have sailed straight out of the pages of *Lord of the Rings*, but in fact it was J.R.R. Tolkien himself who drew heavily from Norse mythology to create his fantastic imaginary world. Hobbit-fanatics would find many familiar themes in the great Anglo-Saxon epic, *Beowulf*, or in the Norwegian and Icelandic Sagas. For this mythical domain was peopled by barrow-wights and fiery dragons, silvery elves and dwarfs who forged fabulous swords in the heart of mountains. The world of men they called Midgaard, or Middle-Earth.

But their gods are not only preserved in works of fiction. The names of some of their principal deities — Sun, Moon, Tiw, Odin, Thor and Frigg — should ring a bell, because they have given us our days of the week (Saturn, a Roman god, is the odd man out).Frigg was the wife of Odin and the Queen of all the gods, associated primarily with fertility. Although her name was once considered holy it has now degenerated into an obscene four-letter word which means 'to copulate'. Our language is sprinkled with words of Danish origin, such as 'axle' and 'skull'.

The Viking presence in Britain contributed other tangible elements to our heritage too. In the last century Shetland fishermen were constructing rowing boats by traditional methods not unrelated to those used by Viking shipwrights over a thousand years ago. The Orkney Islands were only ceded back to the Scottish Crown by Norway in the fifteenth century as part of a dowry payment, and the islanders still build their houses in a form which echoes the long-dwellings of the Norsemen. Most British people still have a fair measure of Viking blood in their veins. And on Tyneside the strong Scandinavian bite to the Geordie accent continues to confound the unacclimatized Southern ear.

For the Vikings were not only pirates and raiders — they were also colonists. They have been likened to endless ocean waves, great tumults of storm-clouds, hives of bees and swarms of grasshoppers, breeding excessively to produce ever more yellow-haired, blue-eyed adventurers to seek new lands beyond the known limits of the ocean. There is more than a grain of truth in this seemingly exaggerated picture. Great armies followed in the wake of the raiders, and behind them came settlers in their thousands. By 886 half of England was theirs by treaty, many of these invaders flooding over the Channel into Normandy. It was their descendants, the Normans or Northmen, who were to ravage England in 1066. The Norwegians used the Scottish islands as stepping-stones to colonize the cold but fertile soils of Iceland.

From here a notorious desperado, Erik the Red, led an expedition yet further westwards to found a settlement on the most inappropriately named country in the world — Greenland — where only Eskimos had been before. Erik's name was much more apt, for his hands were said to be red with the blood of a series of murders which had caused him to be outlawed from all Viking provinces. It was his eldest son, Leif Eriksson, or Leif the Lucky, who according to the Sagas first set foot on the American continent, nearly five hundred years before Columbus claimed its discovery.

Meanwhile, to the south and east of Scandinavia, Viking merchants had moved down the Russian rivers to trade with the Byzantine Empire and the Arab Caliphate in Baghdad, following the silk routes even as far as China. The Viking domain of influence was vast, spanning half of the northern hemisphere. And all this was achieved by the people of a small and previously insignificant region which had always been considered 'beyond the pale.'

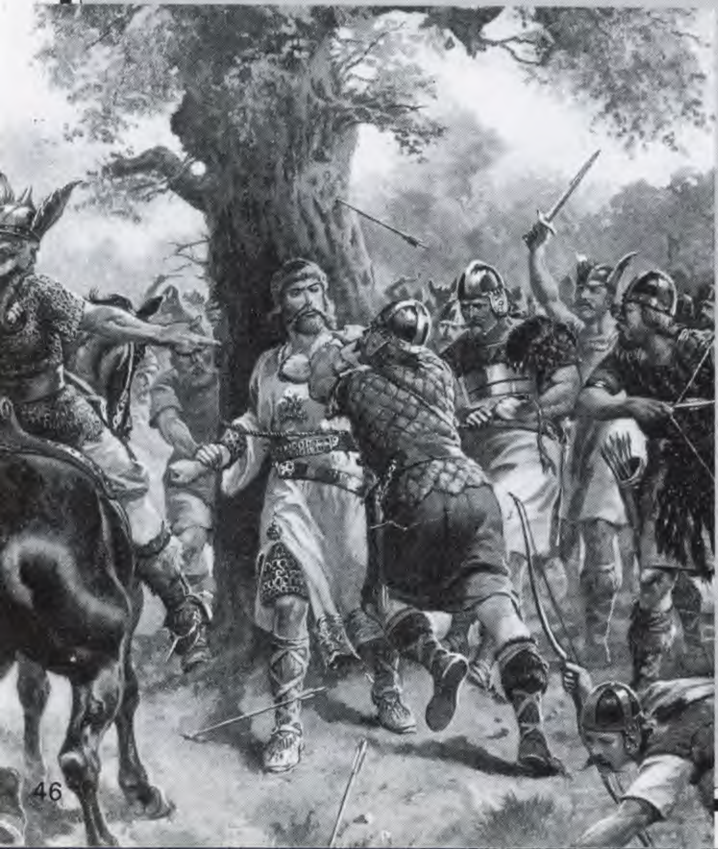
What was the cause of this great expansion? Partly, of course, it was greed; partly, too, the fact that they possessed a ship technology unmatched in the western world, bolstered by their independent invention of the sail and the keel. But the underlying reasons must be sought in the Scandinavian homelands themselves, and here a long tradition of overpopulation and shortage of land is to be found. Nobody expressed it better than Sir William Temple in 1690: 'Each of these countries was like a mighty hive, which, by the vigour of propagation and the health of climate, growing too full of people, threw out some new swarm at certain periods of time, that took wing, and sought out some new abode, expelling or subduing the old inhabitants, and seating themselves in their rooms.' Quite simply, the Vikings were perhaps the lustiest breed of men ever to appear on the face of the earth.

They were inveterate polygamists. Adam of Bremen, writing in the eleventh century, tells us that every Swede who could afford to had at least two or three wives, while the high-born and the rich elite set themselves no limit. These were supplemented further by mistresses and concubines. Then we must take into account the fact that the principal trading commodity was the large number of female slaves who had been captured on raids, and these provided a further sexual outlet during their time awaiting sale.

Each man desired a host of sons, not only to man boats and to fill armies, but also as proof of his virility. We know King Harold Fairhair had nine and Erik Bloody-Axe eight, but the numbers of daughters and illegitimate children are unrecorded. We could perhaps say that a Viking who sired twenty offspring would not have been exceptional.

There are a number of documentary sources from the Viking Age which throw light on their sexual habits, leaving us in no doubt that their way of life was shaped to increase. But they also tell us that the Vikings were no great masters of the art of love-making, quite unlike their present-day Scandinavian descendants, who have a world wide reputation as sophisticated lovers. Frenzied in battle, bawdy in song, uncouth in manners, we could hardly expect them to have been gentlemanly in bed. Nor did they exceed our expectations, for by all accounts sex was crudely, if frequently performed. Women were not in short supply, and were considered to be merely the objects or receptacles of man's desire. Sex was a male right and a female obligation. There was

turn to page 58



St Edmund, King of East Anglia, slain in AD 870 for not promising tribute to invading Danes. This Victorian view of winged helmeted Vikings owed more to the artist's imagination than fact.

continued from page 46

little recognition of such abstract entities as 'love' or 'devotion' between spouses or partners, and in the absence of any special bond all need for privacy disappeared. Making love was an open and unashamed form of display — a public celebration not only of an individual's virility but also of the powerful domination which men upheld over women in that society.

Perhaps our principal informant is an intrepid Arab traveller named Ibn Fadlan. In 920 he undertook a strenuous journey via Samarkand as a member of a diplomatic mission from Baghdad to the kingdoms of the Bulgars in Russia, and his spirited account relates how, on the River Volga, he came across a settlement of Swedish traders who called themselves the Rus. It is these Viking merchants who are now at the centre of a furious debate between scholars of Scandinavia and the Soviet Union, the former claiming that the Rus played an important role in the development of the first Russian towns, the latter vigorously denying the claim.

Ibn Fadlan, however, was not particularly impressed with these Vikings and he speaks of them with a certain amount of derision. 'They are the filthiest of God's creatures,' he says, and 'as lousy as donkeys.' They did not wash after sex or after discharging their natural functions, he tells us with abhorrence. Ten to twenty men lived together in one house in the utmost squalor, each with his own couch where he amused himself with his pretty slave-girls, always in full view of the others. Sometimes great communal orgies took place, and if a customer was unlucky enough to turn up during one of these sessions he was not attended to until the Rus had finished their enjoyment.

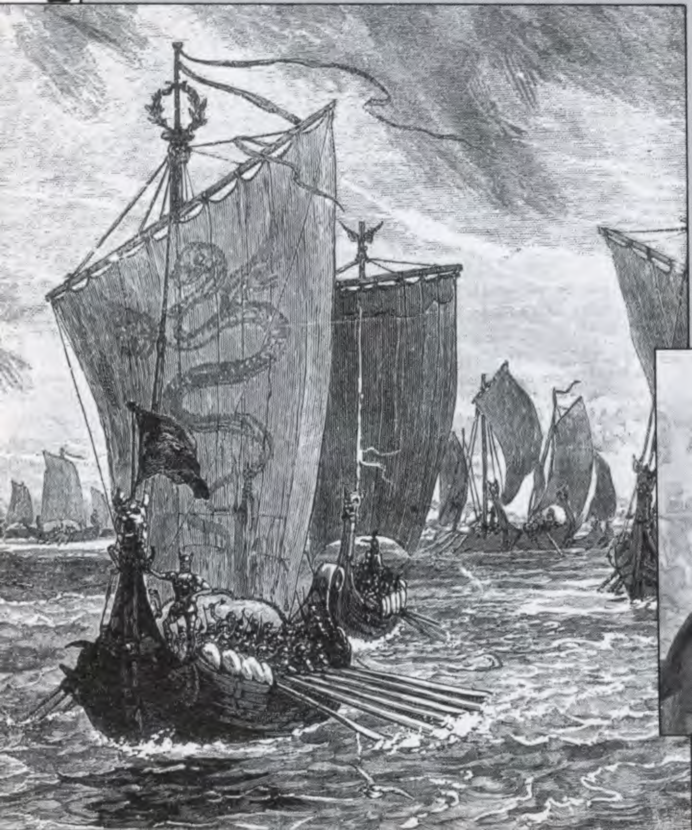
The king of the Rus was seated on a great throne in his stronghold, surrounded by a personal harem of forty women on a large and jewelled platform. He rarely set foot on the common earth. If he wished to make love he did so in public. If he needed to urinate a bowl was brought to him for this purpose. Occasionally he might go for a ride, in which case a horse was led into the hall and back up to the throne when he returned. He was even spared the dangers of battle, for a substitute warrior led his armies to their slave-gathering forays into their neighbouring Slavic lands. Below the jewel-bedecked platform of pleasure sat the royal bodyguard of four hundred men, each willing to die for his lord and each in return provided with two slave-girls — one as a servant and one as a bedfellow.

A significant aspect of Viking religious belief was that physical pleasure — and pain — did not come to an end at death. In fact their idea of paradise was very different from the Christian one. To be a guest of Odin was to feast all night on ever-replenishing pork and mead, only interrupting the meal to make love under or over the table to some heavenly serving-wench. All day would be spent in battle, those falling in combat being resurrected to feast with the others in the evening. In many ways, then, their heaven-image was a projection of the riotous life they led in the kingly halls on earth, and it is therefore inconceivable that sex should be excluded. Even the transition from this world to the next was not without sexual considerations. It is not uncommon for archaeologists to find sacrificed female slaves, perhaps even wives, beside their master in burial mounds — no doubt to provide sweet solace for the Viking on his final voyage. During Ibn Fadlan's stay he was also witness to one of the most bizarre features of Viking life — the ship-funeral. For ten days after the death of a chieftain his men celebrated by drinking continuously an extremely potent brew of Nordic beer called 'nabid.' So addicted were the Vikings to this liquor that it was not unusual for a man to die with a beaker in his hand. Meanwhile the slave-girls of the dead chieftain were asked. 'Which one of you wishes to die with her Lord?' to which one of them answered 'I do.' Once these words were spoken there was no turning back and her fate was sealed. She was placed in the care of two women whose job it was to dress and groom her in preparation for the sacrifice.

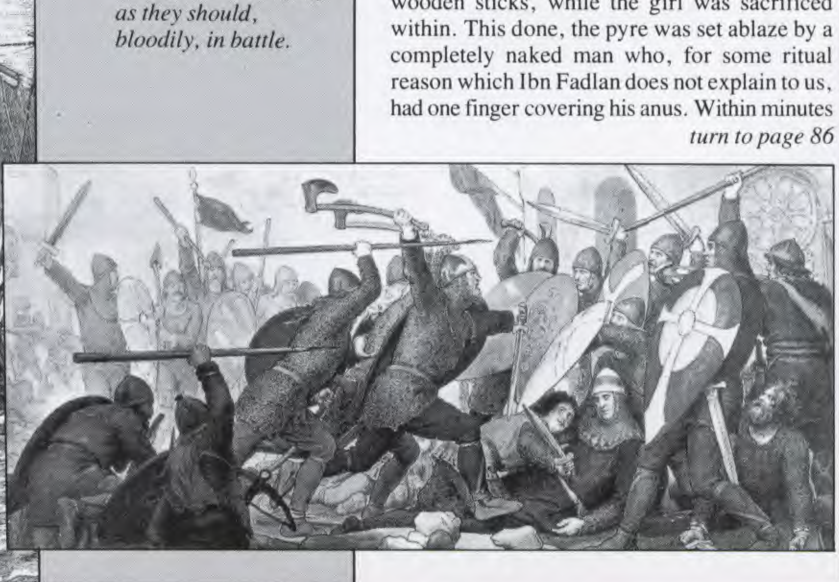
On the tenth day a ship was dragged ashore and placed upon a pyre of wood. The chief's body was put inside a tent on board the ship, together with beer, fruit, meat and various other provisions for his sustenance on the journey to Valhalla, the hall of the slain. The slave-girl walked up and down the temporary encampment which had been erected on the burial-ground. She entered each of the tents in turn and had sexual intercourse with the owners, who would say to her in a loud voice so all could hear, 'Tell your master I did this out of love for him.' Then she was led away to a construction that resembled a door-frame. While she grasped the topmost bar the men lifted her high into the air and she cried, 'Look! I see my father and my mother!' They took her down and lifted her a second time, and she exclaimed, 'Look! I see all my dead relatives sitting around!' On the third occasion she said, 'Look! I see my master in paradise. It is beautiful and green and there are men and boys with him. He is calling to me. Let me go to him then!'

Then they gave her a chicken which she decapitated with a knife and the body of it was thrown into the ship. The girl drank two beakers of nabid before boarding the ship itself by means of a raised ceremonial way formed by the clasped hands of all the men she had so recently cohabited with. A massive, grim and hairy woman known as the 'Angel of Death' led her into the tent where the dead man lay, and here a further six men proceeded to have sex with her. When they had finished they stood outside the tent, picked up their shields and started beating them with wooden sticks, while the girl was sacrificed within. This done, the pyre was set ablaze by a completely naked man who, for some ritual reason which Ibn Fadlan does not explain to us, had one finger covering his anus. Within minutes

turn to page 86



Right: a romanticised view of Viking ships as they enter the Humber, c. 937 AD. Similar vessels reached North America. Below: Viking warriors dying as they should, bloodily, in battle.



The Lanchester brothers were true pioneers of British motoring. As early as 1885, their factory in Birmingham was producing vehicles which were stylish, luxurious and highly innovative

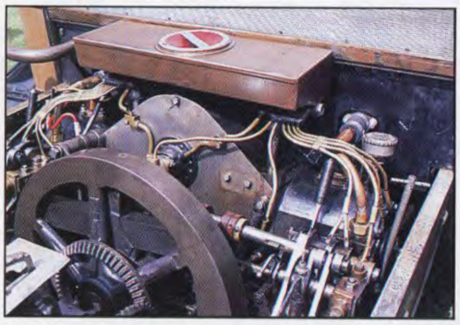
Motoring with
William Boddy
Photographed by
Andrew Morland

LANCHESTER

— the first British car?

The motor industry has been busy celebrating the 100th birthday of the car, so this is an appropriate time to think about Lanchesters, a make that was among the pioneer British cars. Mind you, the exact day of birth is still in dispute. The French chose 1984 for *their* centenary celebrations and the Germans, who really started things off, prefer 1987, claiming that it was not until 1887 that the horseless-carriage could be purchased and was a practical proposition. The exact date when it was seen that carriages-without-horses were possible may not matter, except to historians. There is no denying, however, that the British Lanchester was one of the very first, and that the celebrated Lanchester brothers made a very definite mark on the great industry that

Large picture right and small picture top left: A 1910 Lanchester 28 limousine. Below: A Lanchester 12 from 1903 and its two-cylinder 12 hp engine in close-up. Two pictures top right: Indian Prince, *a fine 1911 Lanchester 38 hp cabriolet.*



THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK FOR THE 1980s

A PRESENT FROM THE FUTURE

Only £24.95
Plus p&p

Good news, men the 'little black book' is now electronic and totally private. Store your diary dates, girlfriends' phone numbers and personal messages in complete secrecy on the hi-tech PD 2000 Private Directory. Each entry into the PD 2000's giant 2,000 character memory can be coded, so only you have access to it. Ideal for those items so often jotted down on the backs of menus! As simple to use as a calculator (yes, the PD 2000 can do sums too), this credit card sized Private Directory is ideal for the businessman who likes others to mind their *own* business.

To PD 2000 OFFER, Mayfair magazine, 95a, Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

The PD 2000 features —
- 2,000 character memory
- 20 character display
- Three figure codes to keep information secret
- Data storage in alphabetical or numerical order that can be scrolled through or recalled instantly
- Five function calculator
- Instant percentages and metric conversion
- Five year battery life
- Full guarantee for one year

Please send me . . . . . (Qty) PD 2000(s) at £24.95 plus £1.95 p&p
I enclose a cheque for . . . . . or debit my Access/American Express account.
MY CARD NO IS . . . .
NAME . . . .
ADDRESS . . . .
. . . .
. . . .

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. Customers outside Europe add £1.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling IMO.

M22/1

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

STORE TEXT
SPACE 1988
MEGALOGIC
PRIVATE DIRECTORY
PD2000
LITHIUM POWER

continued from page 58

there was nothing left of the ship, the corpse and the girl but ashes and dust.

Ibn Fadlan, needless to say, was intrigued yet outraged by this barbaric spectacle, as he was by so many aspects of the Vikings' everyday life. The Arabs were a civilised people, and the prudery which he shows towards the open and rampant sexuality of the Rus was to some extent that of a man who was used to doing the same things far more elegantly at home. Again and again in his account he returns to the subject of personal hygiene. The one concession the Norsemen made to this was to wash their hands and faces each morning, completing their toilet by blowing their noses, clearing their throats and spitting into the water. The same bowl of water was passed by a slave girl around the entire household. By the time the last man received it, the foul liquid was scarcely capable of cleaning anything — except, of course, a Viking.

The Norse Sagas give a slightly more respectable picture, often mentioning Saturday as the specific day of the week for washing. Whether they had real soap or not we do not know. The Icelanders used to wash their clothes in buckets of cow's urine, for this substance contains the valuable cleansing agent, ammonia. The truth, maybe, is that they observed the rules of cleanliness only when the demands of the fairer sex required it. As one English chronicler says of the Danes, 'They comb their hair, bathe on Saturdays and change their linen frequently in order to overcome the chastity of women and to produce the daughters of noblemen as their mistresses'! But these Vikings had settled down to live in farms and towns, and were to some degree softened by the comforts of home. Such stalwarts of the raiding ships as Erik the Red or Erik Bloody-Axe, we imagine, would never have been reduced to such extremities. But we can be fairly sure that these blemishes did not unduly diminish their prospects of acquiring the odd woman now and again.

Like Ibn Fadlan we too like to think of ourselves as civilized, and we tend to look back on this past age with the superior air of a Roman general surveying the barbarian hordes. But in many ways their achievements deserve our respect — and admiration. Their graceful ships were not just fighting machines — they were works of art. Savage the Vikings certainly were, but they also wrote fine stirring poetry and fashioned truly magnificent metalwork and jewellery. Remember, too, that life was hard, dangerous and short. No women accompanied the raiders on their long sea voyages. If death was escaped in battle the slightest quarrel with a companion could lead to a fatal duel.

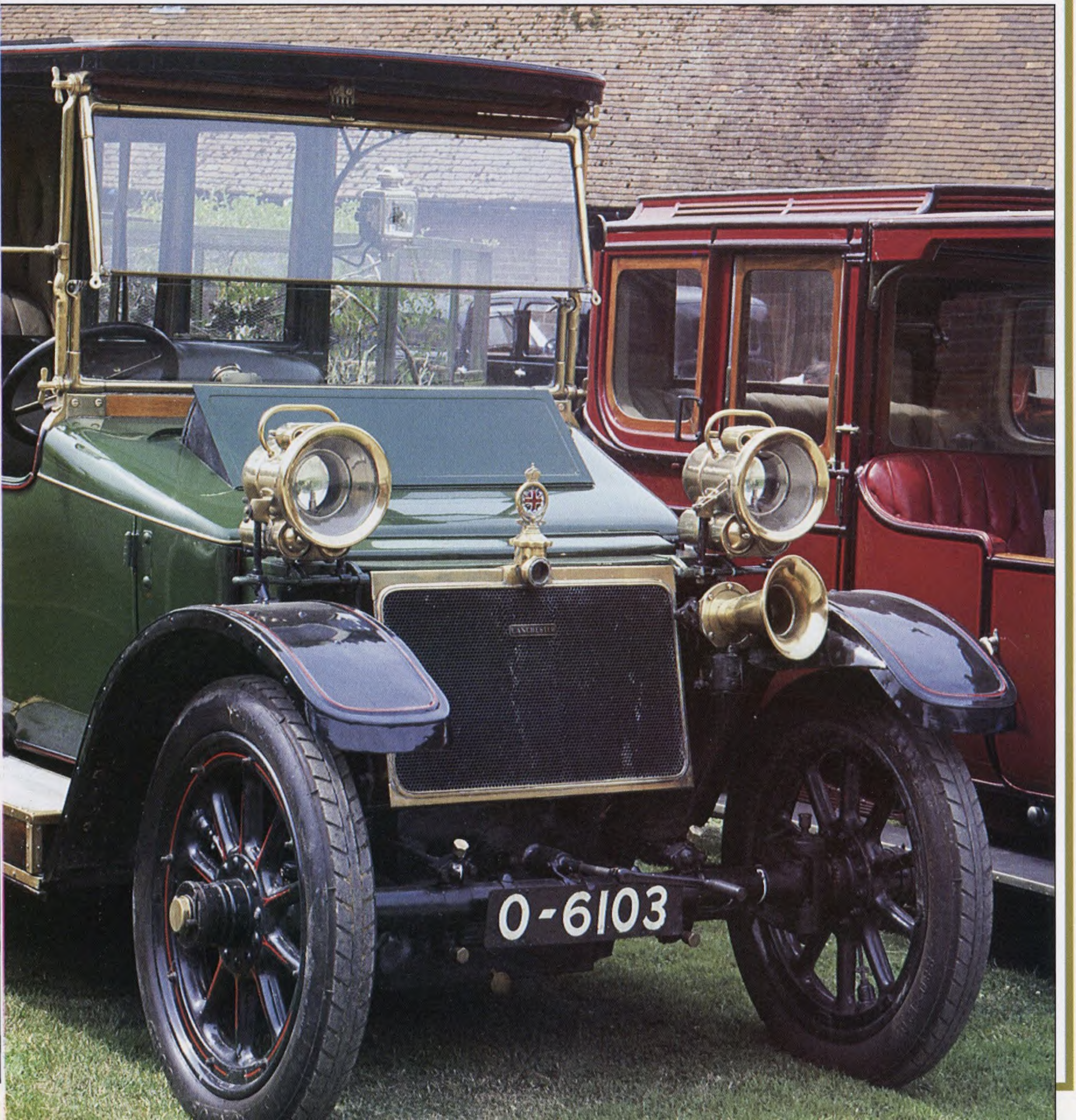
To this insecure existence on earth they brought a lusty and vigorous attitude. It enabled them to forge an empire from their very loins, reaching our even as far as America. To be one of their slaves, serfs or concubines cannot have been much fun. But to be a champion in King Harold Fairhair's hall, even if you were to die tomorrow, was to the Vikings the finest life possible in this world, as the Norse Sagas reaffirm:

> Glorious is their way of life, those warriors who play chess in Harold's court, who are made rich with money and fine swords, with metal from Hunaland and beautiful girls from the east.

0-6103

AC-2746

AC-2746


LANCHESTER
0-6103

was to grow from the primitive designs of the pioneers.

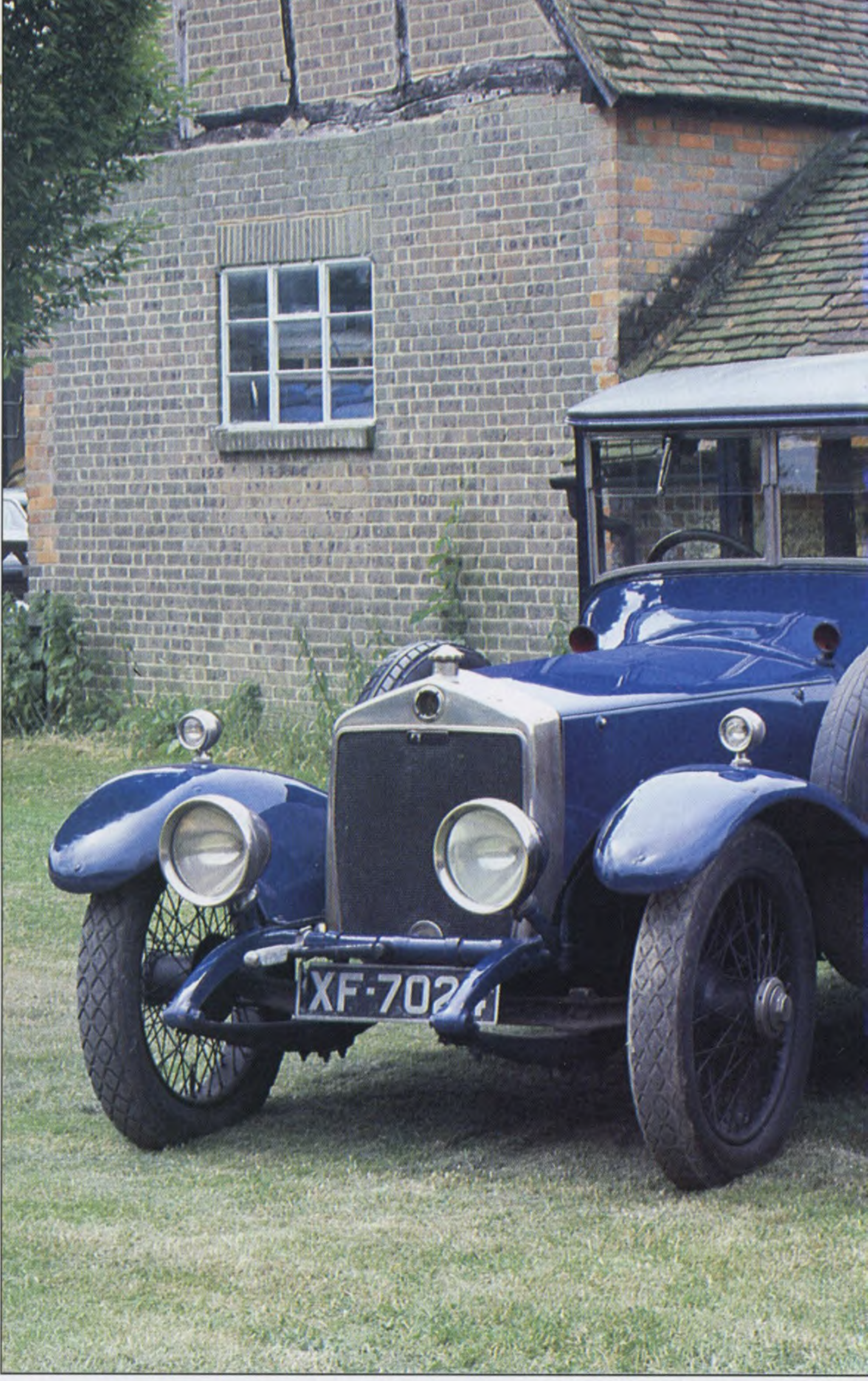
Fred Lanchester, engineer and scientist, was an early investigator of aerial dynamics — flying by heavier-than-air machines in lay terms. He devised, as long ago as 1885, his own concept of the motor car, as a new vehicle in its own right. To kill the vibration inseparable from most gas-engines Lanchester used a horizontally-opposed twin-cylinder engine in which the individual cranks and flywheels revolved in opposite directions, giving a hitherto unaccustomed smoothness to the 'explosion-motor'. This air-cooled 10 hp power-producer was mounted amidships in a stiff chassis sprung on quite supple cantilever springs, Lanchester being light-years ahead of others in thus providing a truly comfortable ride for his passengers. Moreover, he dispensed with the crude 'crash' gearbox and belt-drive with which most automotive pioneers were content. Instead, Frederick-the-genius used a foolproof epicyclic gear arrangement, with pre-selection of its first and second speeds, and final drive by the worm-gearing for which he later became noted, writing learned papers about it. This first Lanchester car, made over one-hundred years ago, was just the start — an experiment. Its wick, as distinct from a float, carburettor worked well and was to be used on Lanchesters for many years. Instead of a steering wheel there was a tiller, not of the central, awkward kind, but for the right arm to control the machine's direction, another distinctive Lanchester hallmark, which eventually Lanchester had to abandon. By 1897 improved versions of this theme were on the road, and production commenced in Birmingham in the year 1900. Water cooling was an option after 1901, and so successful were these unconventional Lanchesters that, from 1904, bigger, more powerful models were offered.

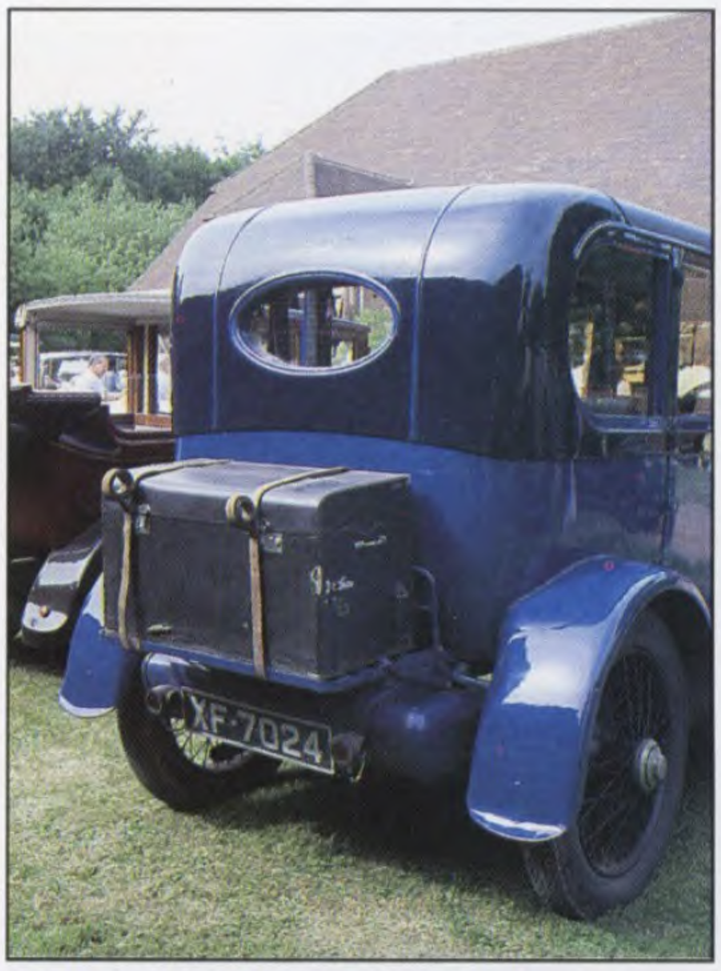
The motoring public was conservative, but those who appreciated a good car were eager to be Lanchester-mounted — Rudyard Kipling among them, as his stories show. Yet up to the outbreak of war in 1914 Lanchester Motor Carriages continued to be quite noticeably different from others, reflecting the genius of Frederick Lanchester. It is true though that the flat-twin-cylinder engines gave way to vertical four and six-cylinder power units, and were moved to the front of the chassis where they occupied a box between the driver and his front-seat passenger. The controls, including the steering-tiller (unless a wheel was insisted upon) were set out on a deck rather as on a ship, and the soft springing was retained, the bonnetless Lanchester riding over rough roads rather like a well-behaved boat in a swell. There were overhead valves, but of a kind special to Fred's drawing-board, and his electric ignition used unique 'igniters' in conjunction with a low-tension magneto.

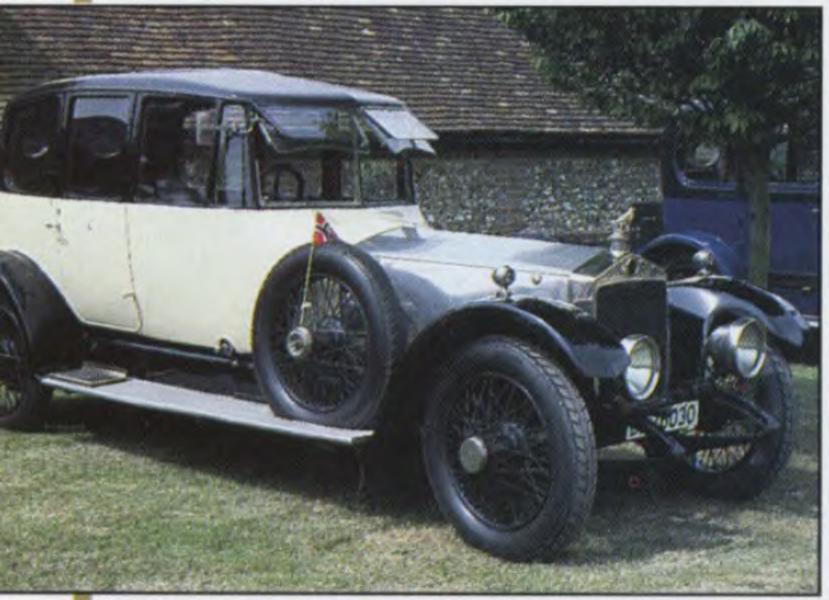
It was typical that the steel from which the Lanchester's road springs were made was the very best obtainable, and that after 1918 the company made its own springs, as it did most of the other major components. The pre-1914 Lanchesters may not have been particularly handsome, but they attracted a staunch clientele. They were the people who did not want the ostentation sometimes associated with Rolls-Royce (although after 1907 the Silver Ghost was

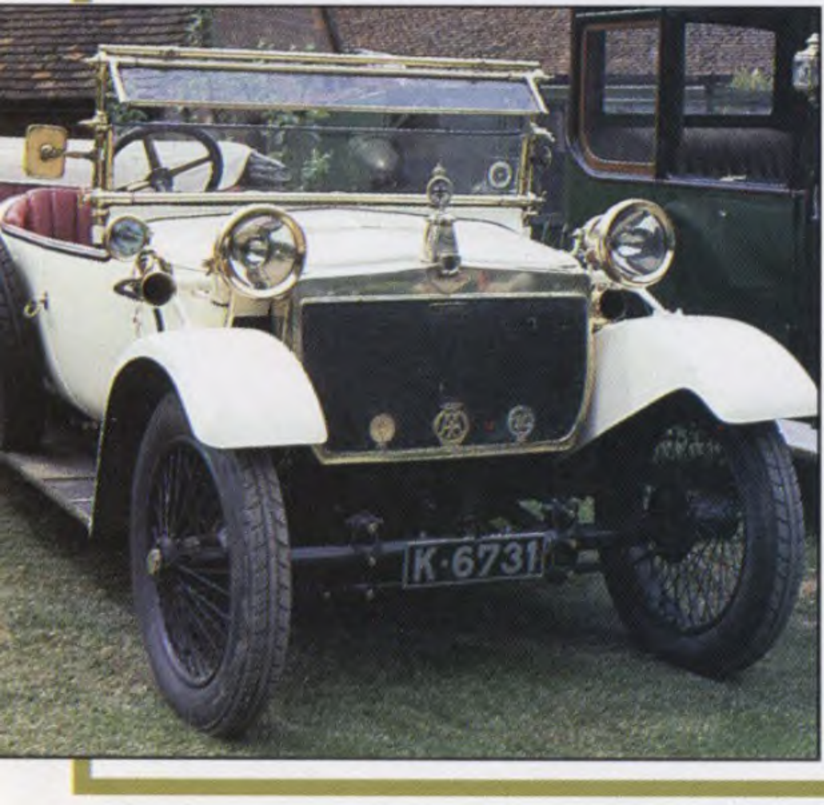
LANCHESTER
SB 27

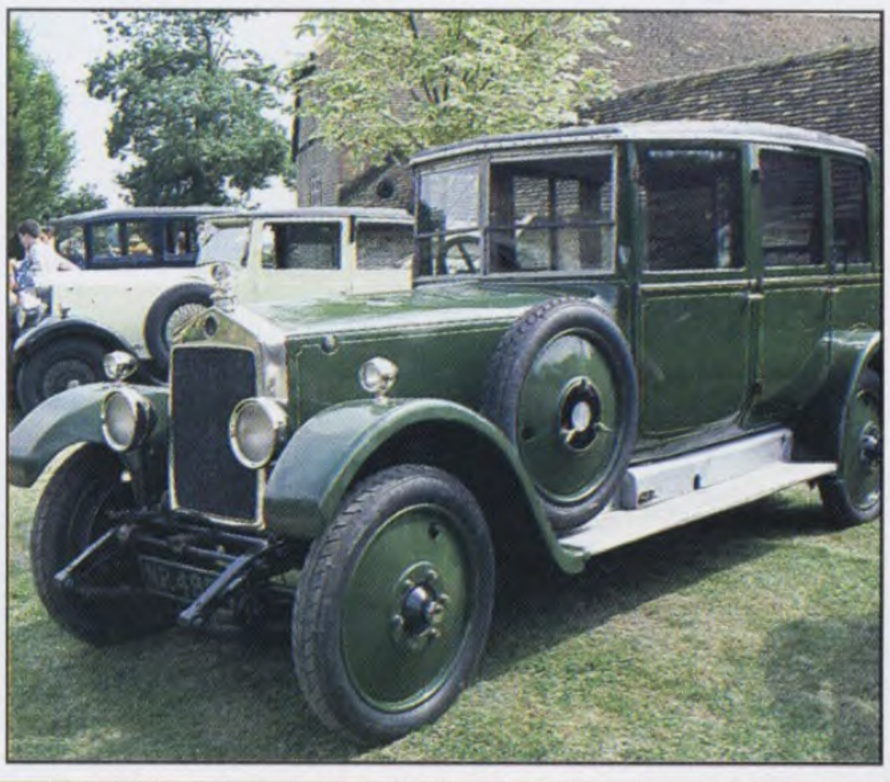
Right: A Lanchester Forty limousine from 1924 and 1925 Landaulette. Below: Another view of the Forty. Below that and bottom right: A special Lanchester Forty decorated for the Olympia Show in 1919. Bottom left: A 1913 Torpedo tourer with a 38hp engine. To its right: A 1924 Lanchester 21 limousine.

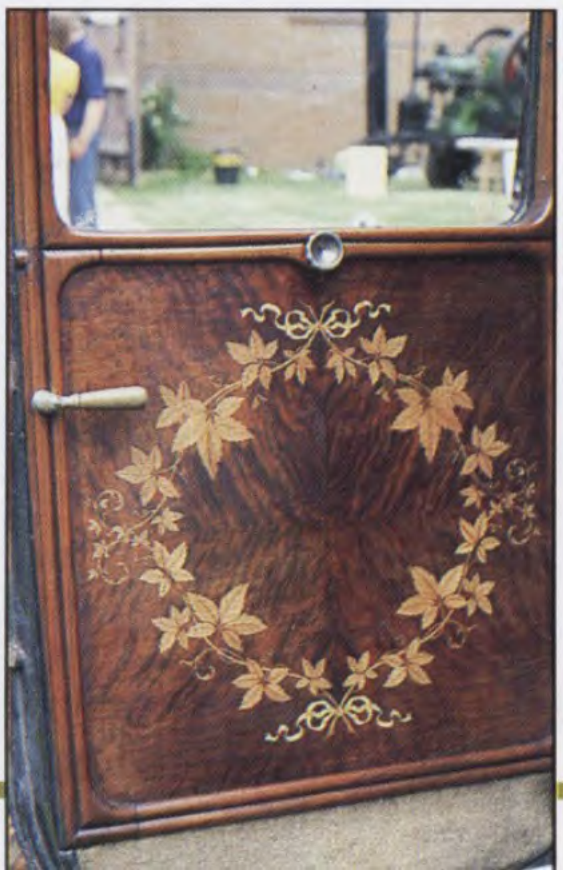


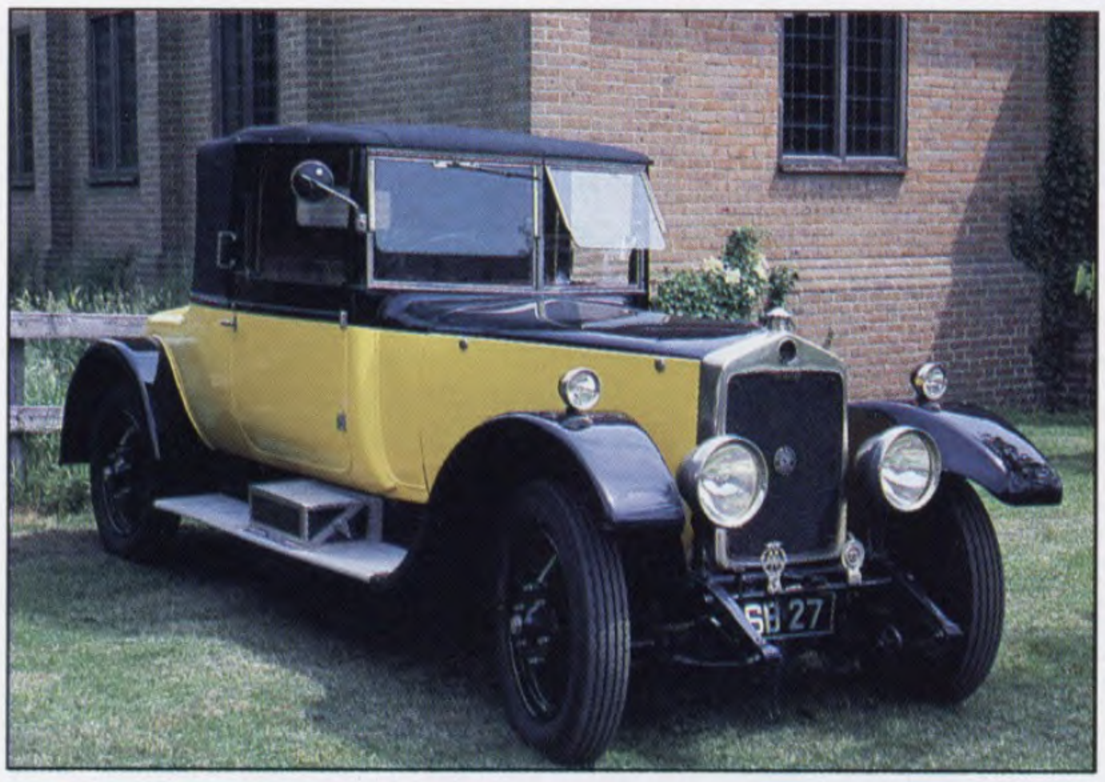


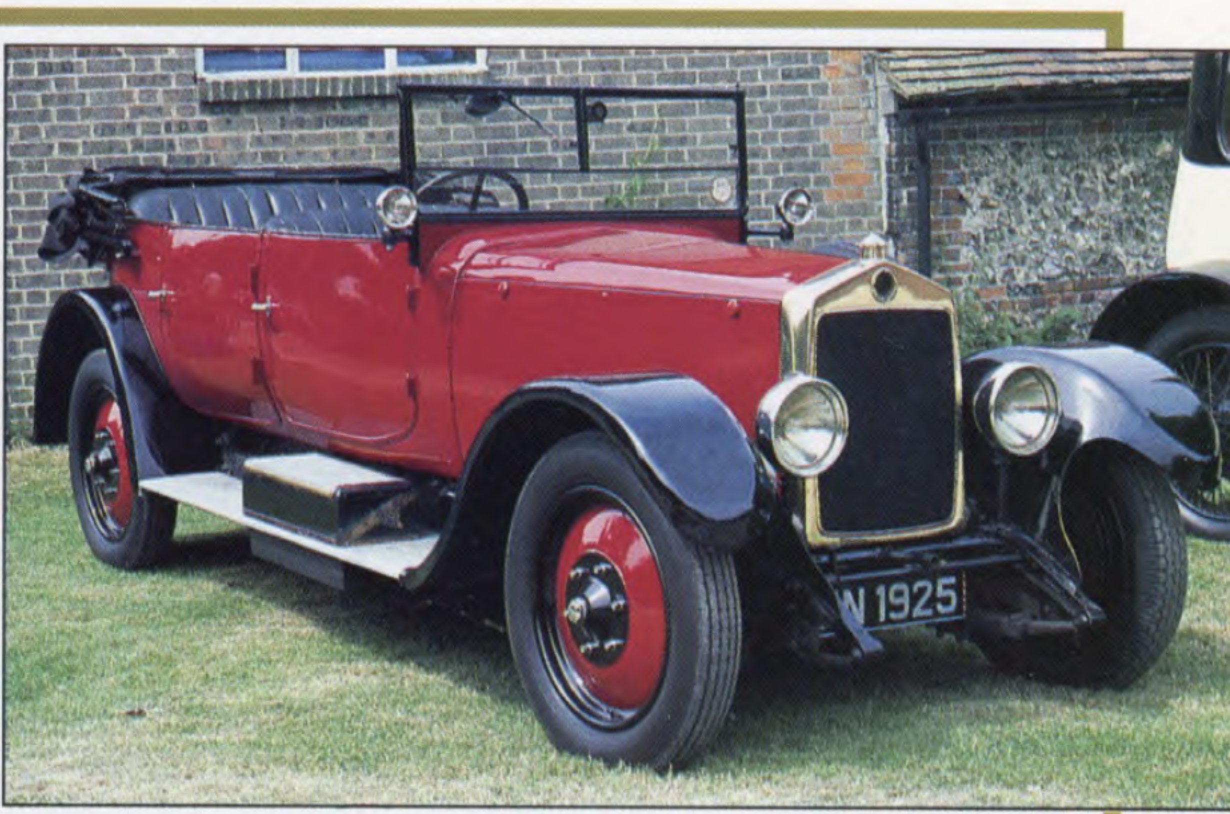


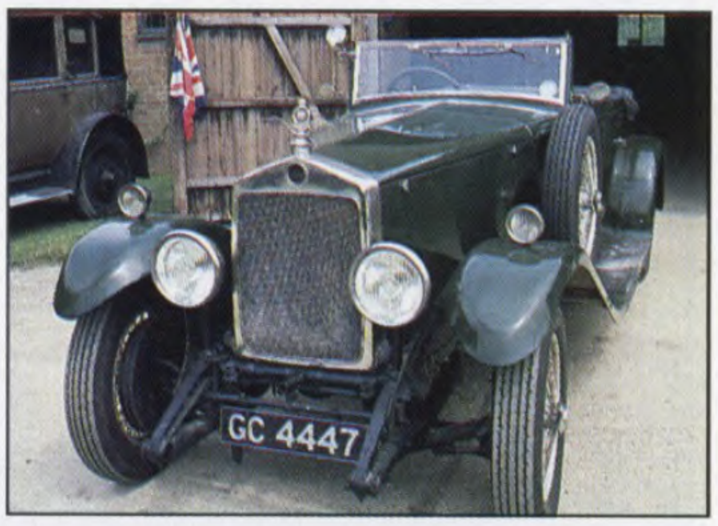


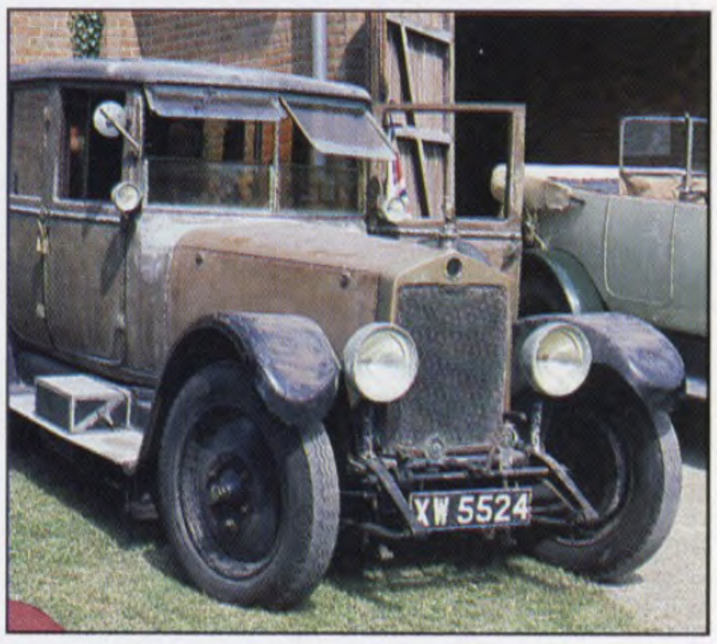


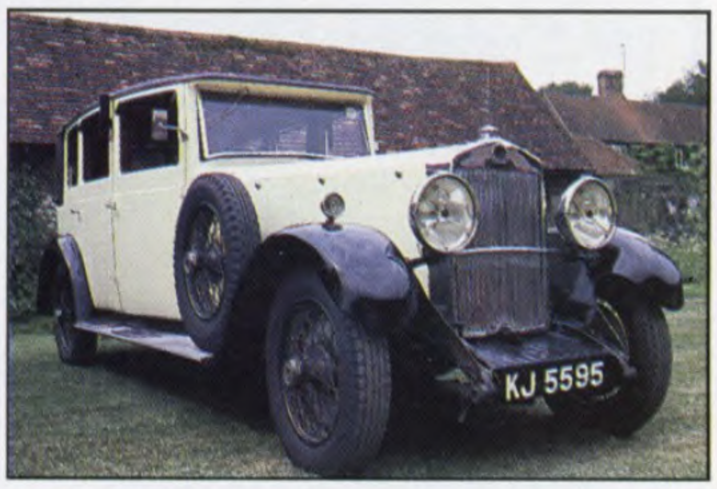












Left and top left: A 1925 Lanchester 21 drophead coupé. Top right: A 21 tourer. Below it: Another 21 drophead with a Corsica body from 1930. Below that: An unrestored 21 from 1924. Above: A 1930 landaulette with a 30hp engine.

SPLASH OUT...WITH MAYFAIR'S DIVER'S WATCH

The ideal present for the adventurous man, *Mayfair's* watch offers quartz accuracy with a host of features. It's irresistibly masculine, and at just £39.95, now's the time.

Superbly accurate quartz timekeeping * Digital and analogue display * Waterproof to 50 metres * Anodised aluminium case and strap * Stop watch accurate to 1/100th second * Alarm * Day/Date calendar * Hourly chime * Rotating bezel * 12/24 hour format * Mineral glass * 1 year guarantee.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: WATCH OFFER, Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me ...... watches at £39.95. I enclose a cheque/postal order made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS ____________

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

____

____

SIGNATURE ____________

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO).

M22/1

LANCHESTER

— the first British car?

hard to resist) and who thought the current Daimlers too ponderous.

The bigger Lanchester models included the 20 hp and 28 hp, joined in 1910 by the big 38 hp six-cylinder. They offered electric lighting from 1913, and wheel steering became more usual from 1908 onwards. Frederick had seen that levers could be used to control gear-shifting and braking effectively, so his cars' controls were also unusual. Alas, the public who pays the piper, distrusts unusual things, and before the war with the wheel steering came a gear lever and three pedals, as on lesser cars. Nevertheless, the Lanchester's great reputation was secure — Indian maharajas bought them, and in the bitter conflict soon to come they made perhaps the best of the armoured-cars.

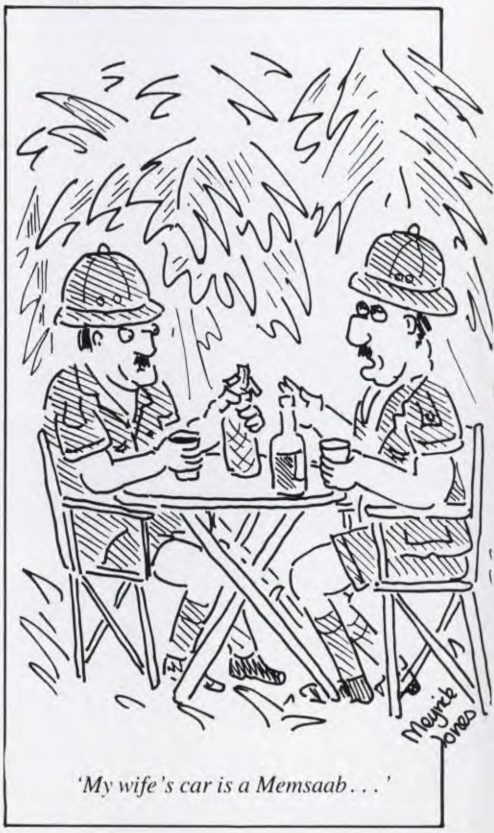
It was now time for the brilliant Fred Lanchester to bow out and for brother George to take over design and the running of the Lanchester Motor Company, with Fred looking after sales. George Lanchester's first venture was a side-valve 40 hp of sporting pretensions, in which the engine was in the accepted place up-front and, for the first time on this make, was covered by a bonnet. The war came and not many were made. But now the Lanchester could stand beside other great makes and not look out of place.

After the Armistice, Lanchester were early in the market-place with a brand new and notable luxury car. This was the famous Lanchester Forty which had a 6.2-litre six cylinder engine with the new overhead-camshaft type valve gear — all very advanced, and as expected, all beautifully made. There was a continuity with the pre-war Lanchesters. The back axle had the favoured worm-drive, and the gearbox worked on the epicyclic system, as before (although controlled by a normal right-hand lever) so that careless chauffeurs or those owner-drivers new to the open road, could not crunch the gears, however ham-handed. This fine Forty was well-fitted to stand proudly beside the new generation of Rolls-Royce and Daimler dowager-carriages but more was to come. Perhaps as a reminder that an 'aero-type' engine was a match for the Rolls-Royce's side-by-side valve power-unit and the Daimler's oily sleeves, George Lanchester contrived for a slim grey racing single-seater Lanchester Forty to be constructed. Famous Welsh racing-driver J. G. Parry Thomas ran it on the Brooklands Track, where it lapped at 109.46 mph and took long-distance records.

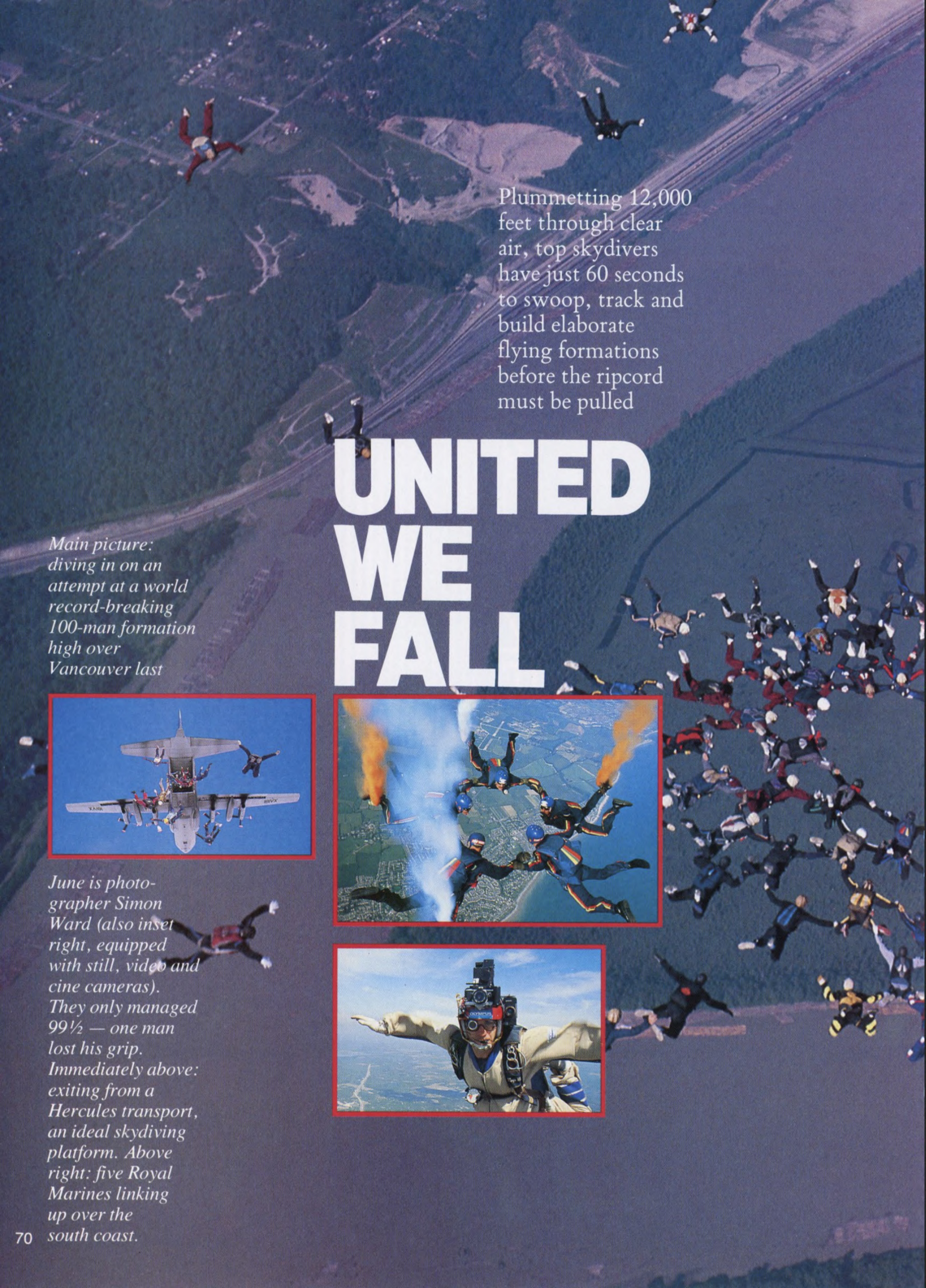
As if this was not enough, when the vogue for multi-cylinder engines broke out, the Lanchester straight-eight was added. This was a truly beautiful engineering concept, with a 4½-litre overhead-camshaft engine, which replaced the Forty in 1929, and which at last had a normal sliding-cog, four-speed gearbox. In some ways Lanchester production in Birmingham ran parallel to that of Rolls-Royce in Derby. R-R had brought out a 20 hp car in 1922, and Lanchester followed this in 1923 with their Twenty-One model, a scaled-down version of the Forty, and thus in some ways ahead of the 'baby' Rolls. R-R increased the size of their 20 hp engine in later years, and Lanchester enlarged their 21 hp engine from 3.1-litres to 3.3-litres in 1926. Both these Lanchesters had the normal four-speed gearbox. It is amusing that while Rolls-Royce were having problems with front-wheel-brakes for the 40/50 hp car in the early 1920s, George Lanchester offered such braking on his small model. However it was not until 1925 (by which time R-R has discovered how to do it!) that it appeared on the Forty. The reason? Chauffeurs, he said, would drive the big Lanchester and be able to cope with rear-wheel braking, but owner-drivers should have the maximum retardation . . .

The old order changed in 1931 when the BSA group of companies absorbed the Lanchester name. From then on, many of the Lanchester models were really the cheaper Daimlers in disguise, although the post-WW2 Lanchester Ten with Daimler pre-selector gearbox and fluid-flywheel was a dignified little car, liked by those who found things like Austins and Morrises too mass-produced. The Eight persisted for a time, and there were 12 and 18 hp Lanchester Sixes, of which the 1953 2½-litre was an 80 mph job. But the touch of Fred and George Lanchester had gone, although King George VI insisted on his Royal Daimlers having Lanchester radiators.

Late in 1954 came the Lanchester swan-song. It was called the Sprite, and had unitary body-cum-chassis, a 1.6-litre four-cylnder engine, hydraulic brakes and the Hobbs fully-automatic transmission. It was to have sold in saloon form for £1,227, and it would wind up to 85 mph. Alas, it was the last of the illustrious Lanchesters, true British pioneers of automobilism, though many survive thanks to the Lanchester Register. For further information contact the Secretary, *The Lanches, Mill Lane, Monks Risborough, Bucks.*



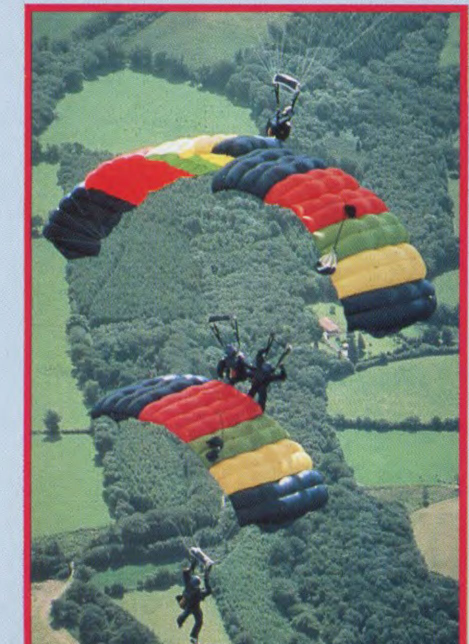
'My wife's car is a Memsaab . . .'

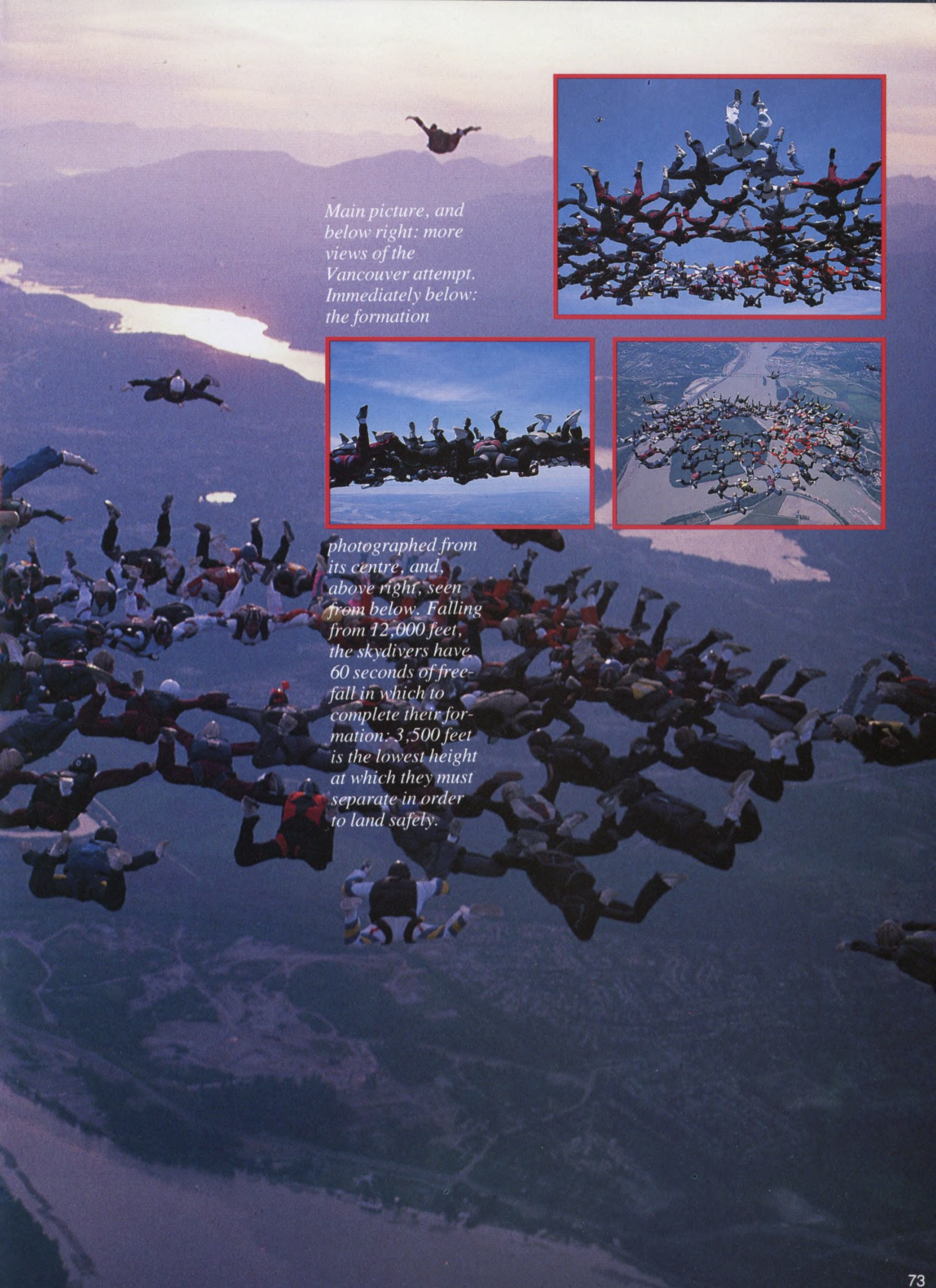


Plummetting 12,000 feet through clear air, top skydivers have just 60 seconds to swoop, track and build elaborate flying formations before the ripcord must be pulled

UNITED WE FALL

Main picture: diving in on an attempt at a world record-breaking 100-man formation high over Vancouver last June is photographer Simon Ward (also inset right, equipped with still, video and cine cameras). They only managed 99½ — one man lost his grip. Immediately above: exiting from a Hercules transport, an ideal skydiving platform. Above right: five Royal Marines linking up over the south coast.





Main picture, and below right: more views of the Vancouver attempt. Immediately below: the formation photographed from its centre, and, above right, seen from below. Falling from 12,000 feet, the skydivers have 60 seconds of free-fall in which to complete their formation: 3,500 feet is the lowest height at which they must separate in order to land safely.

Top left: looking up the 24-man world record breaking stack formed by Royal Marine parachutists over Dunkeswell, Devon last August. Top right: the view down the 200-foot high stack which took eight minutes to form. Left, centre: the photographer circled the stack on his own chute for this view. Far left, near right: a bi-hand diamond formation, hands and canopies linked.

A French physics professor called Sebastian Le Normand actually coined a word for it before proving to a sceptical world the strange contraption he had invented really was a viable proposition. The word he came up with was 'parachute', which means, literally, 'break-fall', and it was with a device bearing this name that Le Normand became the first man to make a parachute descent — on December 26, 1783 from the tower of Montpellier Observatory in France. It was a crude device, barely 14 feet in diameter, but it worked sufficiently well to break his fall and prevent him from injuring himself.

Thus was born the modern sport of parachuting, or skydiving as *aficianados* prefer to call it — one of the twentieth century's most exciting and, most spectacular sports.

Developments followed swiftly during the years that followed. Jean-Pierre Blanchard — one of the early balloon pioneers and the world's first true professional aeronaut — made a descent of sorts from a balloon in 1785, and in 1797 Jacques Garnerin made what is today regarded as the first proper parachute jump, also out of a balloon, 3,000 feet up over a Paris park.

The sport of parachuting has come a long way since those heady pioneering days of 200 years ago. It's just 35 years since a small five-nation band of enthusiasts gathered in Yugoslavia for what is now hailed as the first World Championship meet, yet parachuting can today claim a truly international — and totally classless — following. Upwards of a quarter of-a-million devotees, from every conceivable walk of life, throw themselves, with constant regularity and a high degree of accuracy, out of aeroplanes, helicopters, hot air balloons, and off cliffs, mountain-tops and tall buildings, in pursuit of fun, freedom and, for the more daring among them, a smattering of fame as well.

The key to skydiving's success is innovation, and much of its new-found appeal stems from recent radical advances in parachute design and technology, which make for safer and more precise canopy handling, together with new techniques in the field of 'body flying' .— the art of controlling one's movement in the air using parts of the body in much the same way as a pilot uses the rudder, ailerons and flaps to fly an aeroplane.

A skydiver will tell you that he (or indeed she, for the sport has a high percentage of female adherents compared with other so-called 'high-risk' adventure sports) can do anything a bird can do, except go up. Using minute shifts in body

Main picture: Marines sailing into the sunset. Immediately below, left: Marines train for a descent into the Commonwealth Games, and achieve it, right. Bottom left: freefalling in tandem. Centre and right: speedy exits. The more skydivers jumping together the easier it is to create formations.

The lighter side of skydiving. Top left, an aerial self-portrait by Simon Ward. Right and centre, top skydiver Wally Gubbins with members of the Dumb Blondes in Action team. Bottom: Henrik Wynne walking on air, one of the most difficult and demanding of free-falling feats.

position — an arm extended here, a knee bent there, a twist at the waist, even a turn of the head — a modern-day skydiver can turn, bank, roll, somersault, dive, indeed perform an almost endless variety of radical manoeuvres during the minute or so they have to play around with after exiting their aircraft at 12,000 feet.

Straighten the legs, flatten the body, point the toes and bring your arms into your side and you can 'track' across the ground at 60 miles-an-hour. Increase or decrease the amount of body area exposed to the cushion of air on which you 'float' on your 125 mile-an-hour freefall, and you'll vary your rate of descent quite dramatically; so much so that you can fly 'up' or 'down', relatively speaking, or join a group or formation building in the sky around you.

Skydivers are a pretty competitive lot, and get their sport out of competing in one of the two main team disciplines — Relative Work (or RW), which is performed in freefall and is, in effect, a carefully choreographed aerial ballet; or Canopy Relative Work (CRW), where the new ram-air 'square' parachutes are deployed at altitude without the preliminary freefall, and then linked up in flight. The precision and spectacle of this comparatively new discipline was amply demonstrated in August 1986 when the Royal Marines set a new world record with their 24-man 'stack'.

Accuracy parachuting is another of the sport's main disciplines, where the jumper is required to land on, or as near possible to, a 5 cm (2 inch) disc from 2,500 feet.

Pay a visit to any of half-a-dozen or so of Britain's 40-odd parachute centres — drop zones, or DZs as they're called — any summer's weekend and you'll see teams of four, eight or even 16 skydivers with names like Time Bandits, Absolute Beginners and even Chop Chop, Busy Busy, Work Work, Bang Bang, coming together, breaking away, reforming in an intricate and complex series of set pieces called Donuts, Accordians, Zippers, Stairsteps, Frisbees, and Cranks, to name but a few.

Nor do you have to remain a wishful spectator or armchair adventurer, thanks to even more revolutionary developments in teaching and demonstrating the principles of skydiving. With the new Rapid Progression System (known as Accelerated Freefall, or AFF for short), the first-time student can enjoy — after a pretty intensive two-day ground training course — the thrill of a 60-second freefall from 12,000 feet; two highly-experienced instructors 'fly' alongside you all the way down the ground level, guiding you through a series of planned aerial manoeuvres.

Then there's Tandem Jumping, where the instructor and his student are linked together in freefall, and fly — and land — under a single, over-sized canopy. Both these new methods provide a safe, and swifter, alternative to the more conventional static-line teaching system, where the student parachutist's canopy is deployed automatically as he exits the aircraft, normally at a height of only 2,000 feet. These days, almost anyone who wants can jump for joy.

**PICTURES BY SIMON WARD,
LEO DICKINSON
AND NORMAN KENT
WORDS BY PETE GREGORY**

He was the first lover she hadn't met on a casting couch, and his ice cool touch thrilled her. But why did he take so long to start, and why did the oriental woman in the restaurant take such interest in her?

SCREEN TEST

Fiction by Viv Leyland

This one is different. This one isn't like Takis Demetrios or any of the others, oozing money all over the place, buying me pretty things, flashing me around in front of their friends, hiding me from their wives.

Jim Columbine speaks to me as though he likes me, kisses my lips but refrains from touching my body.

And it bothers me.

We have the Hibiscus suite at *L'Auberge des Princes*. There is a bed, built like a chintz tent, a basket of passion fruit and strawberries, a decanter of Marsala with matching lead crystal glasses on a damask covered table. I love these little touches. It reminds me of the Georges V in Paris, though the rooms are much lighter here. And it has the advantage of not being crowded out with those ghastly frog women with their silver fox furs and pre-shrunk Levis.

While Jim Columbine, the bit-part man, unpacks his case, I look out of the window and count the Bentleys and the Jags that are shimmering over the gravel in the summer heat. It's an equal split

turn to page 96

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

At a Hogmanay party, sweet Sue
Invited two men for a screw.
She made one of them fuck,
Then as the clock struck,
Out went the old and in came the new.

Did you hear about the gay milkman?
He never left an empty behind.

The Johnson Brothers were an unsuccessful song and dance act. Every day, they would go to their agent in the West End, and every day, he'd say he couldn't find them a booking. Until, one morning, they arrived to find him smiling. 'Good news, lads,' he said. 'I've got you a job. It's in Liverpool, mind, and only £10 a night, but it's work.'
The Brothers were ecstatic.
'We'll take it,' they said, only later realising that they didn't have the fare to Liverpool. Then they read that a cargo-carrying narrow boat company were offering places on their barges to the north. It was slow but very cheap, so the Johnson Brothers booked themselves on the first narrow boat to Merseyside.
When they got aboard, they discovered that the cargo it was carrying was horse manure, and the stench was appalling, but they were in no position to argue. The butty set off down the Grand Union.
A few miles out of London, they came to their first flight of locks, and the lock-keeper leaned on the gate and asked, 'What are you carrying?'
'Five tons of shit and the Johnson Brothers,' replied the man at the tiller.
Futher on, they came to another flight, and again the keeper asked about their cargo. 'Five tons of shit and the Johnson Brothers,' came the reply. And so it continued until they reached a flight just outside Liverpool.
'What's your load?' asked the lock-keeper.
'Five tons of shit and the Johnson Brothers,' replied the boatman, feeling a tug at his sleeve. It was Reg Johnson.
'Excuse me,' asked the timid man, 'But now we're nearly there, just for once, could we have top billing?'

A man went into a sex shop complaining that his inflatable doll had a sunken chest and a ten inch penis. Then the assistant told him it was inside out.

Great Quotes of Our Time:
Dorothy Parker could always be relied upon to be scathing on most subjects. Witness this attack on one body of students.
'If all the girls from Columbia University were laid from end to end.... nobody would be a bit surprised.'

After a great deal of haggling, Hamish struck a deal with a local prostitute for a night of love for £30. But he told the girl he was very shy, and could only make love in total darkness and complete silence. Used to unusual demands, the prostitute agreed.
Hamish undressed, turned the lights out, and made love to the girl. Four hours later, the prostitute had been laid no less than fifteen times, and was heading for the sixteenth.
'Oh come on, Hamish,' she pleaded, 'enough is enough. You've had your money's worth.'
A deep voice responded.
'Och, I'm not Hamish, I'm Jock,' it said.
'So where's Hamish?' demanded the girl.
'Hamish? Hamish?' thought Jock. 'Och, he must be the man selling the £10 tickets.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

A young Brummie reached the final of 'The Prize is Great', a new Birmingham-based game show.
'Now, Sid,' gushed the game show host. 'You have just one more question to answer, and you'll win the Vauxhall Astra GTE. And the question is, how many seconds in a year?'
Sid thought long and hard.
'Twelve,' he answered eventually.
'Twelve!' exclaimed the question master, 'how do you work that out?'
The Brummie started counting on his fingers.
'Well, there's the second of January, the second of February...'

Mayfair's Trivial Salutes:
This month we salute Lord Northcliffe, ex-proprietor of the *Daily Mail*, for his 'loyalty' to his staff.
Apparently, his editor had done such a good job that Northcliffe decided to reward him by sending him on a round-the-world cruise on the *Queen Mary*. In his place stepped the Deputy Editor, a new broom with fresh ideas. Almost immediately these new ideas so impressed Northcliffe that he preferred the new editor to the old one. Moreover, a few weeks later, he wanted his old editor replaced. A minion was told to contact the ex-editor and tell him he was fired. However, every time she tried a port of call, she just missed him. Finally he was due to dock again at Southampton, and Northcliffe decided to do the job himself. The ex-editor, still believing himself to the be golden boy, felt honoured indeed. Not only were the bands playing as the *Queen Mary* docked, but there was his proprietor shouting in greeting. The noise from the crowd and the band was too great to hear Northcliffe's words until there was a lull. Then the young man heard just three words above the melée...
'Go round again!'

SCREEN TEST

continued from page 95

— eight of each, all with personalised number plates. Mine is the only old car here, but that doesn't matter. At least it is a Jensen.

'Night of your life, baby,' Jim grins, emerging from the bathroom where he has thrown his Omega shaving tackle in delicious disarray on the marble sink.

'I know,' I purr back at him. 'You've made me wait long enough. I was beginning to think you might be — odd.'

Jim rolls his huge shoulders up around his neck and gives me his left profile. It is a good profile, and deserves better than bit-parts. 'I just wanted it to be perfect,' he says. 'The right time and the right place. You know.'

I should. That has been my line in countless movies. I think I might even have said it in the one Takis Demetrios directed last winter.

Jim heads for our sitting room and orders pink champagne over the telephone. Pink? A doubt about his pukka, one hundred per cent virility flashes again through my mind, but I dismiss it instantly now. He is powerfully built with bronze skin gleaming over muscles that look neglected just sufficiently to deny the existence of a narcissus complex, his black hair coils into the nape of his neck, and I lust for him.

I have had numerous lovers, but Jim is the first who could do nothing for me in return. I am honest enough to admit that my acting talent is limited. It is in bed that I excel. I assume that that is the sole reason for my flourishing career in celluloid. I am not without feeling for these men, don't get me wrong, I *like* them, I really do. But liking just isn't the same as *wanting*, now is it? I still can't see why Takis couldn't understand that.

The champagne arrives, and it is already ice-cold. The waiter looks about thirteen and dressed in a uniform that looks like black tarpaulin fastened with stainless steel buckles. He twists off the cork and not a drop is spilled.

'Us,' says Jim, raising his glass, and I glance at the bedroom hopefully. 'Later, bad girl.'

I sip my champagne and say dutifully: 'Us, Jim.' He picks up his book and reads. I am horrified. No-one *reads* in a hotel room, not when they're paying £320 a night plus VAT. And the book is not even *The Story of O*, so I am not at all interested. Instead I wander around the room with my glass in one hand and a passion fruit in the other. Seeds emerge from the flesh reluctantly and I think of other reluctant things to suck. It is two hours before we eat, say three hours over dinner, including coffee. It will be at least eleven o'clock before this burning, itching, gasping dissatisfaction in me is eased.

I wash my corn-yellow hair beneath the gold-plated shower and take little pleasure in the sensation. I have already washed my hair once today and it will end up flyaway like baby-hair. I soak in the circular bath and balance the champagne flute between the jungle foliage bordering its side. There is room for two in the water, three on a good day. But the man won't play.

Should I give myself a little rub? Just to help myself along? The thought has come into my head unbidden. The matching action comes the same way. Naturally. Unforced. Unprompted. My flame-painted nails stray between my legs and I find some consolation in the slow, stroking movements that nudge at my clitoris, part my lips and expose my tender, super-charged flesh to the softness of the water.

When my eyes open, Jim is standing in the arched doorway, watching me at last, looking like a wolf,and I might come just thinking about him. I stretch my arms to him, beckoning, offering: 'We've all the time in the world, Jim,' I plead. 'Why should we wait? Come in with me.' My conical breasts peak out of the water like the Pitons of St Lucia. My smooth, white legs are propped either side of the bath, though my pussy is beneath the foaming bubbles. His silk trousers are stretched by an erection that threatens to emerge between the buttons of his shirt. Creases run horizontally from the plateau of his hidden penis as though the material has been ruched. He wants me, and yet he shakes his head. 'Irena,' he groans. 'Please. It will be all right.'

'Of course it won't be all right! It will be magnificent — not just five-out-of-ten "all right",' I howl indignantly.

Some people have sex and it's as significant as having a shit. Others make a meal of it and occasionally, accidentally, discover ecstasy. When Jim Columbine and Irena Spring fuck, it will be earth-shattering. Every moment will be worth a complete novel. We are both sculpted by the same sex maniac gone berserk.

We have never acted in the same film, but if we could, there wouldn't be a dry seat in the house. I step out of the bath and he still stands there, watching. I am angry, thwarted, made to wait on the breath of a promise, a lick or a kiss. 'It may get to the point where it won't be any good, Jim. If we get too wound up it's like being over-tired. You can't come and you can't sleep.'

He smiles, and I have the strange feeling that he is role-playing, teasing me, going against what he really wants. 'Get dressed,' he says.

'Only if you dry me,' I pout, and the hot, velvet towel snakes around me, finding my creases, my crevices, my planes and my contrasts.

'What's that?' he says, tickling a finger against the lips that emerge between the dark fur of my pubis, betraying my natural colouring. He has found the blue two-carat diamond implanted there: one of Takis's more eccentric gifts.

'Something I'm planning to pawn on a rainy day,' I snap, and snatch the towel from him, annoyed that Greek bastard, the casting-couch director, has made his presence felt, yet again. I slip into the watered silk harem dress and Jim's hand brushes against my skin as he does up the zip at the back. His touch burns and I suspect my flesh might be seared. My anger evaporates in the heat. 'You look demonaic!' he laughs. 'Red and gold flames.' He buries his soft hair my shoulder and nuzzles me. *'Temptress from Hell.'* I had forgotten *Temptress*. 'That was years ago. It was dreadful,' I smile, knowing that nothing I do now is dreadful. I can criticise my past from a position of present perfection.

'Ah,' he says. 'But I've seen them all. *Serpent Maid, Lust for Leather, Horseback . . .'*

'No! Please!' I shriek, pressing my hands to my ears and flying from the sitting room. But I am not displeased. It is always flattering when someone researches your past. 'They were artistic!' I call through from the bedroom when I am brushing my hair, flicking Estée Lauder mascara over my lashes, dabbing Anais Anais at my pulse. 'Anyway — they were good practice!' We finish the champagne and the moment is no

turn to page 98

LLOYD'S
OF
LONDON

SCREEN TEST

continued from page 96

longer awkward. His book has been forgotten, my frustration has turned to anticipation.

I wish there were photographers waiting for us as we descend the curved oak staircase. We should be all over the centre pages of the *News of the Screws*. Our affair is idyllic, celestial. It should be nationally celebrated. But they always miss the *really* good stories.

The restaurant is pink and white, a strawberry sundae. There are no waitresses, only waiters: young French boys in black suits and bow-ties, talking knowledgeably about Pomerols, decanting clarets, tasting Montrachets. They save the women for the reception desk and the bedrooms: they are never seen on the hallowed ground of the dining room.

There are two lesbians on the table next to ours. They are both masculine, both wearing men's shoes, men's cashmere cardigans over plum-coloured shirts. One has brilliantined hair, cut by a barber, the other is a Japanese woman.

'What's the expression?' I ask Jim quietly. 'Bull dykes?'

He nods. 'I wouldn't have thought they'd be terribly compatible.' He dismisses them as irrelevant, but I am fascinated. The Japanese woman stares and stares at me and I feel absurdly feminine, like a Barbie doll. I am threatened in some indefinable way, as some men are, by homosexuals. I feel pretty-pretty, delicate like a doily, flimsy as Za-Za, a brainless blonde.

He orders and we eat quail breast with pate de fois gras, melon and fig sorbet, *rognons de veau aux escargots*, a caramel souffle with a raspberry coulis. It is delectable, but I am more interested in the lesbians. The Japanese woman sends back her duck and wants it well-cooked, not pink. Her friend taps cigar ash into a heavy glass ash-tray between courses. The waiter removes it every ten seconds and replaces it with a clean one. He smiles at her as though she is a regular guest at the hotel, as though she is quite run-of-the-mill and ordinary. I wish she would speak to me.

'I think there's too much sex on television already, Mr Bradshaw.'

Over coffee in the lounge, she does. 'Irena Spring,' she says. 'With James Columbine. Wonderful.'

'Yes,' I nod, and I feel that I am blushing. This woman has a more masculine presence than many men I have known. Her eyes are heavily outlined in kohl pencil in an otherwise naked face. Jim is immensely irritated and looks pointedly at his watch.

'We'll go, now,' he says. It is ten-thirty precisely, dinner did not take as long as I'd thought it would.

'Must you?' says the lesbian, and my breath feels harsh in my throat, my heart beats faster. Despite my fear of her, I am attracted.

'Lovely to meet you,' I say, holding out my hand, not feeling that anything is lovely, and that I haven't even met the woman.

'Indeed?' she smiles. Her own hand is thin and cool and her teeth are capped in gold. 'Scream.'

'What is?' says her Japanese friend.

'Meeting *them*. Here. A scream.'

A look passes between Jim and the women that I do not understand and cannot fathom.

He takes my elbow protectively and steers me past the grandfather clock, the family portraits of successive generations of dead aristocrats, the extravagant displays of orchids and irises.

Our bed has been turned down; the fruit in the fruit bowl has been replenished with Chinese gooseberries, gleaming strawberries, kumquats. He is ringing for a bottle of Lanson, though my head is reeling from the wines. 'I don't really want any more —' I begin, but he covers the mouthpiece and says: 'It's only for the ice.'

I can't be bothered to work it out. I wriggle around in my dress, reaching for the zip, and it falls at my feet in a crumple of rustling silk. I am completely naked beneath it and I watch his face as it empties of all expression other than desire. Here is power in my guilelessness. Though I am aware of every nerve, every sinew in my body, I do not let it show. I bend to pick up my dress innocently, part my legs a hair's breadth to tantalise him with a glimpse of my core, and walk slowly to the bedroom.

The Lanson arrives and Jim carries it through with him. He is ripping off his bow-tie with one hand, undoing his shirt with the other. A button flies off in his haste to be naked, a gold cuff-link scurries under the bed.

His erection is trapped by the waist-band of his trousers and I reach over to free it. The head of it, bruise-purple and succulent as a plum, waves around, above his navel. He pulls off his pants, trousers and socks in one magical move and lies stretched out beside me, his hands behind his head, waiting to be serviced.

I don't mind, my turn will come, but I will have that kiss first, some recognition of my presence as a person, not just as a sex-thing. I press my lips onto his and taste the sweetness of him, inhale him, feel the warmth of him. His fingers trace around my lips and his tongue laps inside my mouth. 'Your mouth is like a pussy,' he says. 'Soft and wet. Sensual. I could get into lingualingus in a big way with you.'

I try to think of a substitute for fellatio and can't, so I worm down his body, nibbling bits of his all-over bronze, making his skin slippery with my saliva for my hands to trail silkily over.

I am eye-to-eye with his prick. It radiates heat like a hot coal. I want to vacuum it greedily into my mouth, run the flat of my tongue along the hard bridge of skin that links the shaft to the head, but I deny myself the immediate pleasure in order to give him more.

I flick my tongue lightly down to his balls and breathe in the slightly sour, waxy smell of him, tasting the skin here, letting my tongue enjoy the texture of the stretched flesh, like a full purse. A muscle spasms in time to his heart-beat and I open my mouth wide to take in the length of him, breathing on the shiny tip with my pussy-like mouth.

God, I want him so much I could swallow him. I ache and burn to feel that smooth rod reaching from my teeth to my throat, but I work slowly so each sensation will be new to him, enjoyed to the full before another, newer sensation sweeps over him. And me.

He is groaning, moving his pelvis and throbbing within my mouth as I kneel between his legs and run first my lips, then my ringing fingers around his marvellous cock. My body is quivering, as though it, too, is being caressed.

In my head I am crude, street-rude. Fuck my mouth, I think. Press so far into my throat that I choke. Burn my lips with your rubbing tool, scald my tongue.

He reads my mind. I can feel him building, straining, tensing, getting bigger — a ridiculously bloated, inflated organ that swells with his moans and explodes salt-sour and metallic in a rushing flood that might drown me. He is silent and still for long seconds, and when he speaks again, his voice is two octaves deeper than I remember it. He eases me onto my back and strokes my breasts with pianist fingers, playing sonatas on my nipples, chords on my belly. My head is still spinning from the wine, but it heightens my sensations instead of lessening them and I am open to suggestions.

The shock of the ice-cube on my nipple stops the breath in my lungs, freezes my squirming legs, leaves me rigid. I am powerless to move, so intense is the sensation. Then my nipple is enveloped by his warm mouth and I can breathe again. It is so hot that I gasp with bursting bubbles of exquisite pleasure.

Now his hands are snaking down to my thighs, his fingers pressing hard into me as though I am made of aspic and he can penetrate me anywhere. Already I am anxious to be filled, and I imagine impaling myself on him, wriggling round him, sucking the essence of him with the hungry folds of my vagina.

There is a stab of pain, knife-thrust, a piercing wail as the ice-cube touches my clitoris and I scream. I had been expecting first the heat of his mouth. 'Hurt?' he says anxiously, and there is concern in his eyes.

I shake my head when I can move again. 'Surprise,' I explain huskily. 'That's all.'

Now he is eating me — I feel consumed, as though he has all my flesh between his teeth and three tongues poking, probing and smoothing simultaneously. I am on fire, empty, wanting him to stretch me with his fingers, with his wrists. And the ice-cube, deliciously cold now rather than painfully so, slips inside me and melts; a second one is rubbed around the entrance until I am tingling, anaesthetised, tingling again. He pinches me with his chilly fingers and I can hardly feel it, then his mouth is

turn to page 118

Quartz accuracy and top fashion combine in these fun watches from Zeon. Guaranteed for a whole year, and water resistant to 100 feet, they are incredible value at just £14 each

+ £1.95 postage and packing

style watches

Fashionable white watch* accurate Japanese quartz movement* tennis net dial* water resistant to 100 feet.

Fashionable black watch* tennis net dial* Japanese quartz movement* water resistant to 100 feet.

Fashionable transparent 'skeleton' watch* Japanese quartz movement* clear plastic strap* water resistant up to 100 feet.

To: MAYFAIR WATCH OFFER, MAYFAIR MAGAZINE,
95A CHANCERY LANE, LONDON WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me
.....(Qty) White quartz watch with tennis net dial at £14
.....(Qty) Black quartz watch with tennis net dial at £14
.....(Qty) Transparent quartz watch with clear strap at £14
Please add £1.95 for postage, packing and insurance
I enclose cheque/PO for..... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/American Express account
MY CARD NO IS ....
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
SIGNATURE M221

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS OR SEND ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

continued from pae 98

simmering, boiling, hotly worrying my clitoris until I am screaming for him.

And at last there is the heat of his cock, thawing me as though I am a virgin, giving me sensation where there was none, shock-waves of heat running up and through me to replace the stillness inside.

'I'm going to fuck you so hard I can feel the back of your throat,' he says and I whimper for I can almost taste him. But he doesn't thrust hard into me at all; we move slowly, exploring each other's nerves fastidiously, meticulously. He is drawn further in by the slick chill of my body, my welcome-in wetness; I am pulling him ever deeper so the warmth of him penetrates each rippling muscle inside me.

I am not here, in this bed, in England. I am out of my head, making love to a volcano with my oceanic cunt. I am the velvet glove and he is the iron fist, and I yearn for the iron to enter my soul. Each thrust turns me milkier, more liquid with desire; each groan is an echo of my own, or mine an echo of his.

And when we come, we are electric, neon, suns gone nova. We are not five-out-of-ten all right, we are magnificent, explosive. Hollywood stars *au naturel.* We lie entwined till he slips out of me because he is small again and I'm reaching for a towel.

'Don't touch yourself,' he orders me. 'That belongs to me.' Gently he dries me and the sheets and we fall into the satisfied sleep of people who are sure what they want. And have had it.

In the morning, the bed beside me is empty. I waken slowly, it takes time for me to remember where I am, who I am with. I lie on my back and listen for the sound of running water from the bathroom, but there is none. I look around the bedroom, and there is no evidence that Jim has ever been here. His clothes are gone.

In the bathroom, his shaving things are missing. My body is aching, passion-bruised, so I know it was real, that it wasn't a dream. If he has left, then, logically, he has had all he wants. It's no more than I would do, under similar circumstances.

I turn on the shower and step under the jets, running lathery soap over my breasts, between my legs. And then I stop. There is something missing. The rainy-day diamond has been removed. 'Brilliant!' I laugh aloud. 'Scream.' I detect the hand of Takis at work here and for some reason I am not angry with either him or the opportunistic Mr Columbine.

It's strange what bit-part actors will do to further their career. 'Fuck that sheep? Yessir, Mr Demetrios. Steal a *diamond* out of that girl's labia majora? You bet, Mr Demetrios.'

I look forward to seeing the part Jim Columbine will be rewarded with in Takis's next film.

At the reception desk, I am told that my bill has been paid in advance, so I order caviar, blinis, sour cream and vodka for breakfast. It is quite revolting and I have no intention of eating it.

In the corner are the two lesbians. In the daylight, they are not at all menacing, only slightly dowdy in their men's suits and colourless shirts. I suspect that they, too, may be friends of the omnipotent Takis.

'Has he gone?' asks the Japanese woman.

'Yes,' I tell them, 'in the night.'

And they look at each other in disappointment. Like thwarted bounty hunters.

main occupation. But my dinner host, another friend from work, had obviously told this marvellous woman.

'I wouldn't call myself an expert,' I managed. 'But I'm a very keen student.' She grinned at that, an effect well worth achieving, and I caught a steely look from the man she'd arrived with — a bespectacled, snub-nosed individual, who sat down on her further side.

'David,' my host burst in suddenly, 'you don't know Diana, do you? And this is Neil. I think you and Diana were at the same university.'

As an opening topic it wasn't a patch on sex, but it was a safer bridge-builder. Suddenly we had a history in common. We even managed to shake hands — ludicrously formal at a dinner table, but physical contact. Her fingers were long and slim, her skin cool. She talked easily and animatedly, and I felt I'd stepped onto a magic carpet. It was a good half hour — with interruptions from others — before we got back to the original subject.

'I'm sort of toying with journalism at the moment,' she explained. 'I work on a magazine, nothing very special, but I want to get more into writing, so I'm putting a feature together. It's basically about new advances in sex therapy. All done in a very popular way, but I thought sex is always going to sell, isn't it? And I am genuinely interested in the subject.'

I smiled, nodding thoughtfully, trying not to swallow. She had a languid, rather mannered way of gesturing as she talked, that managed to be both forceful and very feminine. Doing it now, she drew my eye down to her bosom. Her dress was loose and flowing, richly patterned, but there was no disguising the fullness beneath. I felt sheathed in fine perspiration.

'I suppose I'm being a bit ambitious tackling such a big subject,' she said, mistaking my silence.

'Not at all,' I said. 'A good, unsensational lay-woman's view — if you'll forgive the expression — is just what's needed. I'll give you any help I can.' She was smiling again, and my toes were curling. *My God,* I thought, *can a gorgeous girl talk to a man about sex without realising what effect she's having?*

> **‘I'm doing something on sex therapy,' she said, 'Sex always sells, doesn't it?’**

We were still talking, brightly and happily, when our host was showing the other guests out of the door. 'Diana,' came a glum voice from behind, 'are you coming now, or shall I see you later?' It was her companion, whom we'd both virtually ignored all evening. But I was thinking, later? After *what*, exactly? Diana stopped that quickly by nodding and rising. 'Here's my work number,' she said, scribbling on a piece of paper and handing it to me. 'I'd love to talk more. Do call me.'

I went home with my head reeling. A girl wasn't *that* interested in what I did without a personal motive, surely? Especially as sex was what she wanted to talk about. But how on earth did the boyfriend fit in? I found out from my host they lived together. She wouldn't pick up another man in front of him — would she? On the other hand he looked such an unlikely partner for her. Whatever was going on, one thing was certain. For the first time in a long time a woman had knocked me sideways.

> **‘She drew blonde strands round me, plastering them to my stiffness’**

I long ago divided fanciable women into three classes. Class one is the kind of pretty/attractive girl any red-blooded male would appreciate e.g. Page Three girls, stewardesses etc.

Class two is less common, and much more personal — attractive, yes, but not always in an immediately noticeable way; what you do notice is a kind of instant rapport, a half-conscious recognition that you have something in common, even if it only consists of an urgent desire to explore each other's underclothing. My wife had been the original class two. Class three is rarest of all — a combination of the previous two. The result is what I call a kick-in-the-crutch woman. You take one look and think, 'My God, *she's* nice.' Then you look again and realise she's not just nice-looking but sexy and sensual and deeply feminine, and she stirs you right down to your woolly cotton socks.

I can count the number of crutch-kickers I've known on the fingers of one hand. And Diana was the only one I knew biblically.

That first dinner party took place in the January of 1981. I was just three years out of medical school, and my first marriage had just blown up in my face.

I'd been married to Karen for just under two years, though we'd been banging each other stupid for a good four before that, right from my first year at university, in fact. She'd been a nurse then, a short, slim brunette with superb legs, moderate boobs, and the kind of slightly overblown looks an ungenerous person might call tarty, but which I thought very sexy.

Actually I thought they were sexy *because* they were slightly tarty. She looked as if she'd enjoy sex, and in those uncertain times I needed to feel that the girls I went after were likely to meet my grubby desires at least halfway. Her looks also seemed an indication of previous experience. At twenty the thought of having to initiate a semi-virgin smacked too much of the fumbling experiences of my teenage years.

So I'd asked out Karen, been presented with overwhelming evidence that she fancied me, panicked because I couldn't believe my luck, and then — after three dates when I'd only finally summoned up the courage to kiss her — went right over the top and asked her away for a dirty weekend. To my astonishment she accepted. To be fair, I didn't quite phrase it that way. We were supposed to be visiting a friend of mine in Bristol. He was at college, too, and I could sleep on his bedsit floor. Naturally I couldn't ask Karen to do the same, so I booked her a room in a small bed-and-breakfast. I didn't tell her until we arrived late at night that it was a double and I was sharing.

The first time we did it was in darkness under several layers of sheets (it was mid-winter and the room was unheated). She had to guide me into the right hole, and she curled her fingers round my erection shyly, but without objection, which struck me as a good indication of experience. She drew in her breath as I slipped in, and when I spurted into her after a few pitiful attempts at humping, she gave a quiet sigh.

I was better when we tried it again about an hour later, and even better first thing the next morning. Her attitude was affectionate but wary, and very practical when it came down to details, and she didn't seem to have any complaints. I didn't find out till much later that, despite appearances, she'd had about as much previous experience as I had — largely via a longtime fiance who'd only screwed her three times in great discomfort in the back of his Ford. Since I'd gone to so much trouble to lure her into a double bed for the night, she'd assumed I was some kind of rake — despite *my* sheeplike appearance — and decided to abandon herself to her fate.

The result was we both began to explore sex in great earnest, and spent every possilbe weekend doing it until we couldn't any more.

When two bodies get such mutal enjoyment out of each other, it's an easy to assume that the personalities inside must have the same rapport. We soon decided we were in love — which for a time I'm sure we were — and, once I'd qualified, there seemed no good reason not to get married. Within a few weeks of sharing a marital home, Karen and I discovered that our relationship was ideally suited to hotel bedrooms. Unfortunately

THE GIRL YOU CAN'T FORGET

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

This month Quest takes an entirely new initiative. Most men, we found, have encountered at some time in their lives, a girl who is quite unforgettable. In a way these recollections haunt us all. We are now publishing, with names only changed, true accounts of experiences with such spellbinding women. We begin with a story from a man who is now a successful writer in the medical field

I confess she shattered me with the first words she spoke.

'Oh, so you're the sex expert, are you? I've been waiting to meet you.' It was the kind of remark to kill other conversations dead at dinner parties. But what made it doubly devastating for me was the girl who uttered it.

She was about twenty-five, with dark, shoulder-length hair, gathered in loosely permed curls; her face was almond-shaped with large, beautiful eyes, and the kind of full, finely sculpted lips that would melt under a kiss. Her looks were a thoroughly disconcerting blend of class, intelligence and straight knoch-'em-dead. Respond to the visual appeal, and she looked more than capable of cutting you down to size; but try to ignore it and the only result would be acute frustration.

I'd been grappling with this problem ever since I'd spotted her entering my host's flat about five minutes before, and felt that gentle knee-in-the-crutch sensation that signalled serious fancying. The very last thing I'd expected was for her to make a beeline for me, as I took my seat. '*Sex* expert?' I croaked, loudly enough to attract the attention of everyone who'd missed her opening remark.

Her superb gaze flickered for only an instant, with the trace of an awkward smile.

'You're involved in research, aren't you?'

Then the penny dropped. Struggling, as I then was (I was 26 at the time) on a niggardly medical research grant, I often supplemented my income by helping out with other researcher's projects in the same university laboratories.

One belonged to my sex-maniac chum Brian, a psychologist who was trying to analyse the roots of sexual attraction. He persuaded volunteers to watch a series of erotic slides with electrodes strapped to their genitals, so that the slightest twitch of interest could be recorded on a graph. That way he planned to work out the exact sexual predilictions of any given individual.

I'd set up the equipment and sat through a few experiments, but I hadn't taken it very seriously, mainly because Brian seemed to be using it as a handy way to seduce nurses, which was his other not even good-looking. And the bastard had fucked her within a couple of hours of meeting her! I couldn't help a digging reference to her boyfriend. 'Oh Neil doesn't mind,' she said blithely. 'We agreed when we moved in together that we'd both have "adventures." I'm surprised he hasn't had many himself.'

Having met Neil, I wasn't. How many Dianas could he expect to get off with on a regular basis? The poor sod was probably as obsessed as I was. The next week I rang her and suggested, 'for a change', we have an early evening drink. It wasn't as committing as a dinner date, at least in my eyes, and it gave me the change to bring in my car. We met at a cellar wine bar, a dim place with candles and upturned barrels for tables. For the first time we didn't discuss sex in the abstract.

> **Her hands clutched at me, and I was sliding into her warmth, pushing, pumping . . .**

She told me she'd left it so late starting a career because she'd been living with someone straight from university; the man had been older, and wealthy, and she hadn't needed to work, though she obviously felt guilty about 'opting out'. I told her about Karen, and found she was surprised we weren't still living together — apparently I'd given that impression. Had that made me seem safe to her? I ran her home just after nine, and parked outside the flat. 'Oh it looks like Neil's in,' she said, glancing up. 'Do you want to come in for a coffee?' Not under the boyfriend's baleful glare. I said goodnight, leaned across and kissed her.

Her lips were as soft and malleable as I'd imagined, dissolving under mine. It was an awkward position but she didn't pull away until I came up for air. She sat looking at me, almost warily, waiting. 'I never thought I'd do that,' I grinned, feeling as if my scalp had just unpeeled. 'Well —' She glanced out the car window. 'I better get in —' I drove home oblivious of the traffic, my mind doing cartwheels. Yes, she hadn't slapped my face. No, she hadn't fallen into my arms. Why had she waited — to see if I'd leap on her? I could hardly have her in the front seat of a Mini — not after six years of double beds. Or had she not wanted to seem rude by vanishing instantly?

The bold thing to do was ring the next day and demand a proper date. So I left it a week, and found she was away. It was nearly three weeks before I caught up with her again, and I could hear her refusal in my own voice before I'd finished speaking. 'I'm busy most of this week,' she began. Then the world changed. 'But Friday looks clear. Is that alright?'

Alright? *Alright!*

It was a quiet meal, friendly but hardly electric, and once or twice verging horribly close to dullness.

I didn't know whether it was my nerves or her fault. The low point was when we began discussing Neil. 'He's got a first class brain, and he's very ambitious. But some people think he's quite dull. Don't you think that's curious? *No,* I thought. 'Strange,' I said. Was it his *brains* that turned her on?

'We do tend to plod on a bit, but all relationships tend to do that after a while, don't they?'

The girl wants a change. I made sympathetic noises, hoping that would kill the subject. It didn't. 'I'm afraid I've not been very good company this evening.' She said as we left.

I told her nonsense, torn between cutting and running and drowning my sorrows, or making a wild pass. But the mood didn't feel right for either, or even for a kiss when we parked outside the flat. Her wary look seemed almost apologetic.

'Have you got time for a coffee?'

I looked up at the light in her window. 'I don't want to bother Neil.' 'Oh,' she said, casually, getting out the car, 'he's not in.'

Music thumped behind a closed door, but otherwise the flat seemed deserted. I sat in the window seat of her room, flicking through a copy of Diana's magazine, while she made coffee. It turned out to be chilled white wine, for which she apologised. She still seemed listless, and as we sipped conversation almost lapsed.

'Look,' I said, rising finally. 'I'll leave you to Neil.'

She followed me to the bedroom door. 'Actually,' she said, 'Neil's still in Greece — I had to come back early for work.'

I don't know who looked at who first. There was suddenly the same wariness, the same curiousity in those superb eyes that I'd seen in the car. But this time I didn't think. I simply reached out and pulled her to me and we were kissing. For a girl I'd always regarded as strong-minded and independent she seemed surprisingly pliable, sliding against me and tilting her head upwards as I wallowed in her warm, musky perfume. On one level I was on cloud nine, too disbelieving that I was here and this was actually happening to properly appreciate it; while on another, I was easing my hand round toward the nearest breast, desperately trying to remember how close the bed was. Then, as my fingers brushed the underside of her boob, she pulled away and the spell was broken.

'No,' she said, moving away briskly. 'I hate fumbling about.'

I stared at her as she went straight to the bed, and without looking up, yanked back the duvet. 'Would you turn the light down?' she said.

I glanced beside the door and saw a dimmer switch, which I nudged an inch or two. Now she looked up, her expression momentarily wry. 'A little dimmer than *that*,' she said.

I've never had a dream come true in quite such a contradictory way. As she undressed in the dim light on the far side of the bed, her back turned to me, I had the feeling I was either under orders, or turning a supreme moment into something almost ordinary. I wasn't sure how erotic I found either alternative. Then she turned to slip under the duvet, and I glimpsed the line of her bare back, the bobbing undercurve of a small-nippled breast, and a stab in the crotch reminded me why I was here.

She made love with a curious mixture of passivity and aggression. While I stroked the huge, loose saucers of her boobs, scooping them in my hands and tugging the nipples gently between my teeth, she lay back, eyes closed, breathing quickly and sharply. But as soon as I moved down her ribcage, trailing my tongue over warm flesh, I felt her move and hands touch my head, pushing me further still. When I looked up, she blinked at me, disconcerted.

'Oh,' she said. 'I thought you were going — down there.'

I hadn't been, consciously, but I did then, drawing my tongue through her thick, swollen lips, tasting her pungent musky-smelling juices as if I'd been doing it all my life.

Slowly her breathing broke up into spasms, her crotch twitching and then bucking above me. I felt her hands reaching down — uncertainly at first, then more fiercely — urging me up between her thighs, onto her and in her.

I kept back as long as I could, knowing that if I entered her as I saw her body and face I'd be finished instantly. But then it all became too frantic. I was scrabbling over her, her hands and mine clutching at my cock, and I was sliding into her slick warmth, pushing, pumping. . . .

I remember her gasping, 'Oh God, that's good . . . that's so good —'

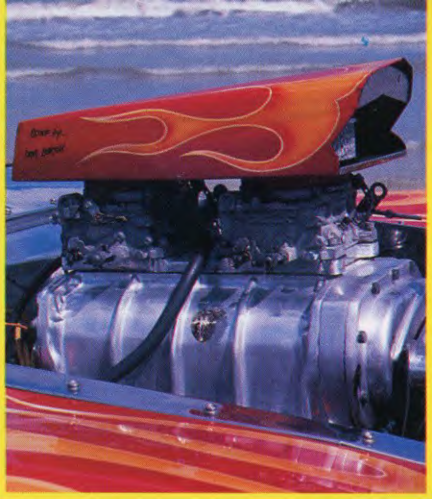
Then I was exploding, pouring into her as she grunted deeply, jerking her crotch against mine. And the impossible had happened.

The next thing I knew was a phone jangling distantly, and the mattress bouncing as she slid away. A moment later the light glared on, blinding me. Diana was tugging at my arm, half in, half out of a towelling wrap, her hair awry. 'Look, I'm sorry, this is really awful,' she said quickly. 'Neil's at Gatwick. I'm going to meet him. I'm going to have to throw you out.'

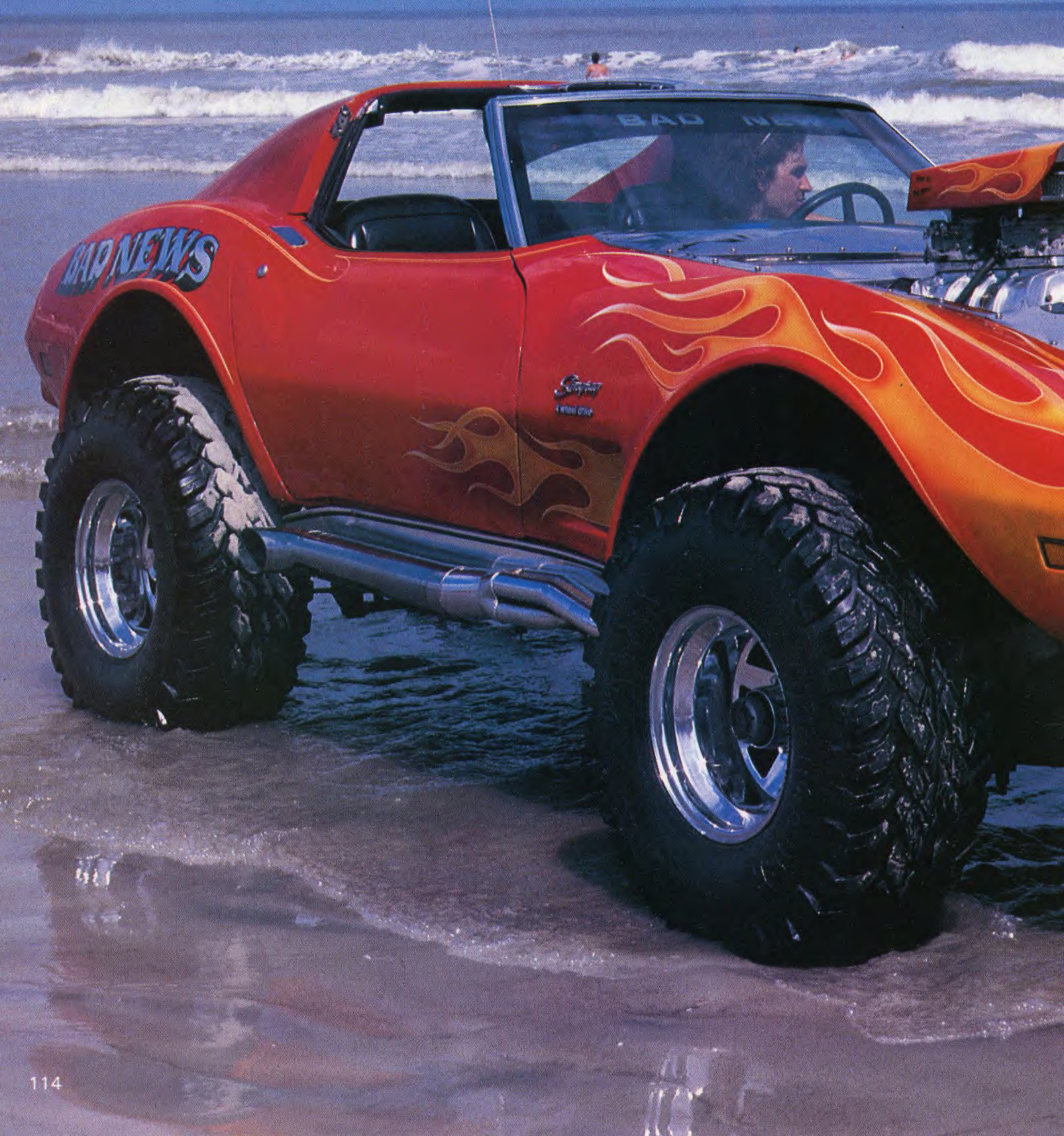
She was already bundling up my clothes, snatching up her own and dressing, not even looking at me. 'It's a pain, I know, but you've got to be kind to your loved ones, haven't you? You do understand?' Half befuddled, I found myself stumbling into my pants and trousers. 'I say,' she said, pulling her dress over her head, 'you couldn't drop me at Victoria, could you? That would be fantastic.'

I did — not believing that I did. She left the car giggling, brighter-eyed and livelier than she'd been all evening. 'Isn't it dreadful?' she grinned. 'Stealing from a guilty bed. Not that it isn't his fault for deserting me all week.'

Halfway through the door she paused, leaned back and pecked me on the cheek, her eyes warm. 'You were lovely, by the way. Just the sort of expert I expected.' And she'd gone, my one and only Class Three woman. Paradise Regained and Lost in a single evening, but a memory I'll never forget. ◆



Bob Smith's Bad News, *a four-wheel-drive customised Corvette, in close-up, including (left) a view of the supercharged 5.7-litre 650 bhp engine.*


BAD NEWS
BAD NEWS
Stingray
4 wheel drive

it was poisonous when there were bills to be paid, garbage to be taken out, cooking to be done etc. She was insanely jealous, I was pathologically untidy — the details aren't important. Very soon even good sex couldn't solve our problems. She went to share with a girlfriend. I became a bachelor again — for about three months.

That was how long it took me to find out how unadventurous our sex life and actually been.

Karen had loved sex: she'd loved playing the seductress — sidling up against me without warning when I arrived home from work, unbuckling my trousers without a word and drawing me, smiling, into the bedroom. And she'd had a definite exhibitionist streak.

One of her favourite pieces of 'rudeness', as she called it, had been for me to screw her as she lay on the end of the bed with her legs dangling over the edge of the mattress. We had a mirror on a wardrobe door, which could be adjusted so that, if she twisted her head to one side, she had a grandstand view of my buttocks swinging between her spread legs, my penis pumping in and out of her vagina. Whenever it happened, she'd whisper with a kind of wondering awe, 'Oh God, that looks so *rude* —'

> **‘Oh God,’ she said, watching us perform in the mirror, ‘that looks so *rude*’**

Afterwards she'd act almost shameful about it — 'No, that was *your* idea, darling' — which I didn't mind at all, because it made me feel I was a randy devil; it was reassuring. But, I now began to realise, her reticence had been a sign that she had definite limits. She didn't like doing it in the doggy position, because that way she couldn't see my face. She didn't like fellating me, because she was afraid that I would spurt in her mouth. She preferred not to have sex astride me, because her back felt uncomfortable in that position. None of these were any source of argument — most of the time I was quite happy enjoying everything else we did, and I know I was far from perfect; I could never see much point in cunnilingus, for example, and she obviously felt embarrassed about pressing it. But the moment I started going out with other women again I began to see our relationship in a new light. The exact moment, in fact, was after a pleasant but unexceptional first time with a full-bosomed 21-year-old I'd met at a party. She'd obviously been unhappy about leaving the bedside lamp on, though I'd been selfishly determined to see if her boobs were really as large as they looked under her sweater (they were), and as I'd humped her I'd got the impression that she was fairly passive. But a minute or two after I'd climaxed she suddenly curled round, dipped her head over my lap and began gently licking and teasing my limp cock with the tip of her tongue.

Finding — to my surprise — that I was responding, she started sucking me more vigorously, holding my stiffening shaft between her fingers, and taking me deep into the back of her mouth. Then she drew together thick strands of her long, blonde hair, and began to twist them around my cock, plastering them to my bloated flesh with her saliva and then drawing her head up and down so that they unwound against me as they were pulled the length of my penis.

The sensation was incredible. Drained or not, I felt my balls start to contract, but as I reached out to the girl, she immediately closed her lips tight over me, cupping my balls, sucking fiercely and gasping as I erupted. The experience knocked me sideways. I suddenly realised how passive Karen had been — happy enough to turn me on, and set me going, but then letting me take over. The irony, of course, was that I immediately realised too how very much I missed her. My three-month 'freedom' holiday was over, and I didn't see any woman, or want to, for over six months. I was in that state when I first met Diana.

Two days was as long as I could bear to wait before I was sure the bubble would be pricked. 'Dinner party?' I could here her say. 'Oh yes, I remember now. Well, actually, I'm a bit tied up for the next couple of weeks . . .'

Resigned to disaster, I called her office. 'Oh *hello*!' she said brightly. 'I'd been hoping you'd call. I really enjoyed our chat the other night.' In two minutes flat we'd arranged to visit Brian's lab the following evening. I waited for her outside his laboratory block like a teenager on a first date, nerves stripped bare and tingling. She arrived late, flushed and apologetic, blaming the Tubes, and as we hurried inside her own breathlessness seemed to match mine. I *knew* she was aware of electricity crackling between us. Brian was his usual rollicking good self — his beery mentality mitigated, at least in his own eyes, by painfully rugged looks. He was clearly knocked out by Diana, made the kind of beamingly obvious pass that worked at drunken parties, was politely ignored and then to my astonishment persuaded her to volunteer for his rotten experiment. Her misgivings were obvious, but she clearly thought that making her excuses wasn't what a journalist should do.

> **‘When we moved in together Neil and I agreed we could both have “adventures”’**

Red-faced, I explained where the electrodes were supposed to go, she attached them in the ladies and Brian started clicking through his slides, while the graph chattered away. Then, thank God, he excused himself for a date, leaving the analysis of the graph to me, and implying broadly that Diana and I would want to be alone, and what a lucky sod I was. As I blushed, Diana simply smiled.

When she invited me back to the flat, I thought my fate was sealed, until I found out that it was a mansion apartment, occupied by at least three others — two of whom were home. We went and sat in the double bedroom she shared with her boyfriend, who appeared looking as glum as before, after half an hour's frustrating chat. Then we all went out for a drink, with Diana fawning all over the boyfriend in a way that left no doubt about who was going to benefit from the evening's titillation. I went home trying hard not to imagine what they got up to as soon as I'd left. I felt like death. Unfortunately I didn't feel any less obsessed with Diana. However hopeless — and I still didn't quite believe it was — I *couldn't* live with myself without taking at least one shot at such a luscious girl.

I started phoning her and suggesting lunchtime drinks or meals, initially to see how the writing was going, but then more socially. To my continuing astonishment, she always seemed happy to be asked. I found myself rationing the occasions, relishing and dreading them because they were friendly and sexy but never quite intimate — chiefly, I imagined, because of that boyfriend. Then one lunchtime, when I'd convinced myself I must push for an evening meeting, she dropped a bombshell.

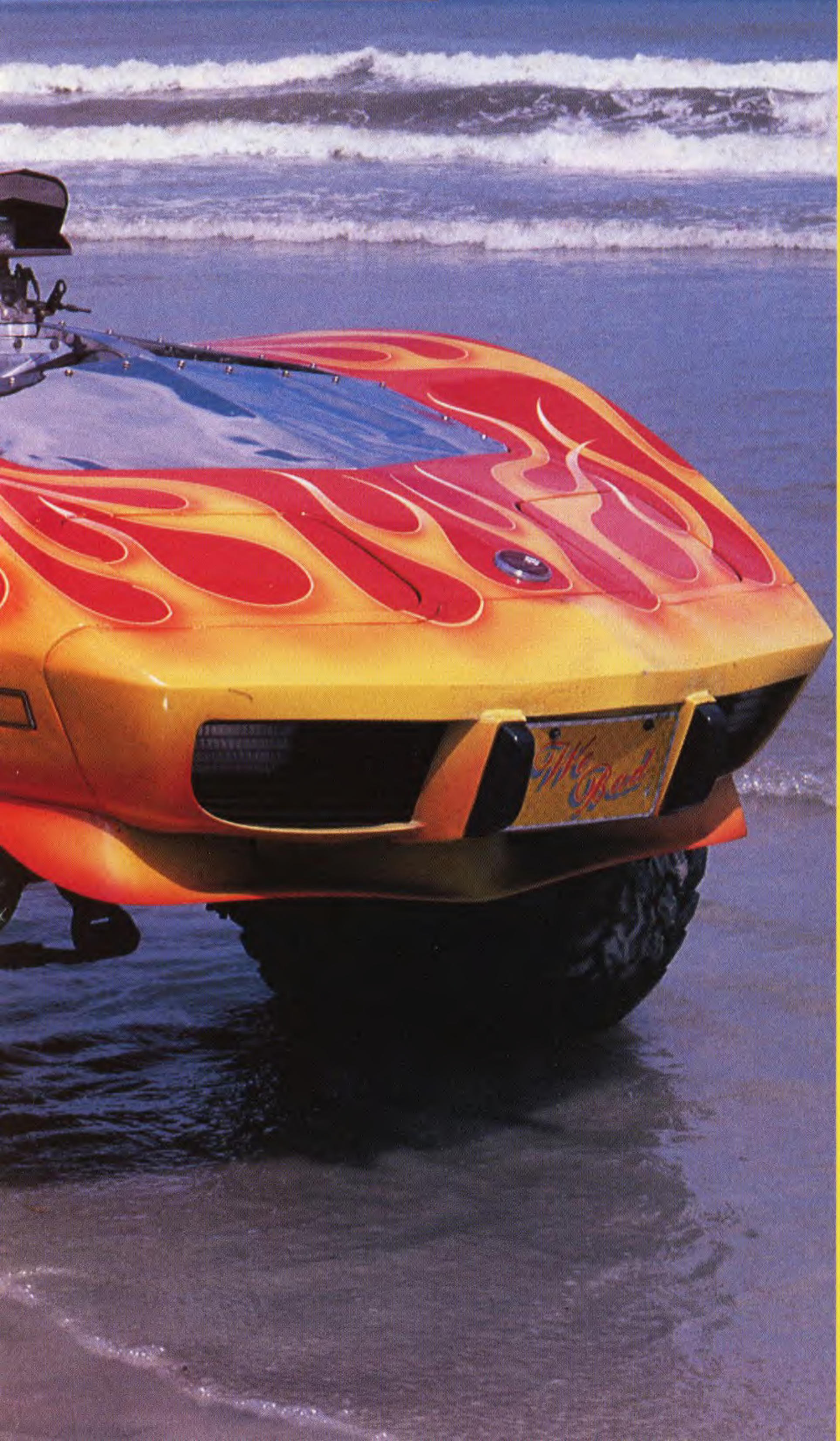
We met at a wine bar, and she flounced in happily, sweeping between the closely packed tables in one of the long, flowing, peasant-style dresses she liked. The edge of the material nudged a wine glass, spattering red liquid across a white table top. As the owner cried out in protest, she lavished a brilliant, apologetic smile on him, and his scowl vanished in an idiot grin. It was two minutes before she extricated herself, laughing in obvious enjoyment as the man rose and called after her.

I sat stewing in jealousy, and it set the mood for the meeting.

Over a bottle she told me she'd had the chance to interview a moderately well-known author the day before. She'd gone to lunch at his home, got on extremely well with the man. 'Then,' she said gleefully, 'we got a bit naughty. I'm afraid most of the interview took place in bed!'

I found myself grinning woodenly, my throat going dry. I knew the man; he was youngish, but

corvette
XSF 775



Photographed by
Andrew Morland

When Chevrolet customiser Bob Smith of Michigan decided to rebuild his Corvette, he didn't do it by halves. He gave it a supercharged 5.7-litre engine, four-wheel-drive, and bright paint. Now passing truck drivers remark . . .

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A 'VETTE

A few years ago four-wheel-drive was only available on workhorse vehicles like jeeps and Land Rovers. Today, though, the 4WD symbol can be seen on standard production cars like the Sierra and Nissan saloons. But nobody had thought of adding it to a Chevrolet Corvette. Until Bob Smith of Michigan came along that is.

In 1978, Bob hit on the idea of combining the sleek lines of the Corvette with the fun of an off-road racer. The result you can see here, a mean machine he calls *Bad News*.

Bad News contains a supercharged 5.7-litre engine with 'Vette glass fibre body-work mounted on the robust running gear of a Cherokee Jeep. The massive motor develops some 650 bhp, but Bob isn't too certain of his masterpiece's exact top speed:

'I took it up to 120 mph on the highway, one time,' he told us. 'Then I got scared, and slowed down.' *Bad News*, he believes, could go a lot faster.

Off-road, the four-wheel-drive

means that no ground is too tough for it. *Bad News* has competed in sand dune races, climbed out of bogs, and ascended remarkable gradients with ease. The price Bob pays is in fuel consumption. On the highway, the Chevvy will only give around 15 miles to the gallon — off-road, he is lucky to get five.

Despite this, Bob has travelled some 17,000 miles in *Bad News*. One of his most memorable journeys was from his base in Ypsilanti, Michigan to California.

'We drove to Burt Reynolds' house to try and get the car in the movies,' says Bob. 'Unfortunately he was in Florida.' His car has still achieved a considerable degree of stardom however. From Bob Smith's 'Vette Shop, his garage devoted to repairing and customising Chevvies, he sells *Bad News* mugs, teeshirts, badges and all sorts of memorabilia.

Apart from the engine and four-wheel-drive, the Corvette is made even more striking by the paintwork. The flames were added by a man Bob calls George the Painter, and the rest of the work was by Bob's son, Bobby Junior. It's hard to miss, and Bob regularly gets remarks from passing truck drivers on *Bad News*' CB radio.

'They generally say I must be really dumb to spend so much money on a Corvette, but I reckon it's worth it. After all, I can not only enter Vette Shows, but off-road and convertable ones too, that's a lot of fun.'

And what about his plans for the future?

'When I get bored with *Bad News*, I can always drive her sister, another customised Chevvy.' You can probably guess the name of that 'Vette — *Good News*, of course.

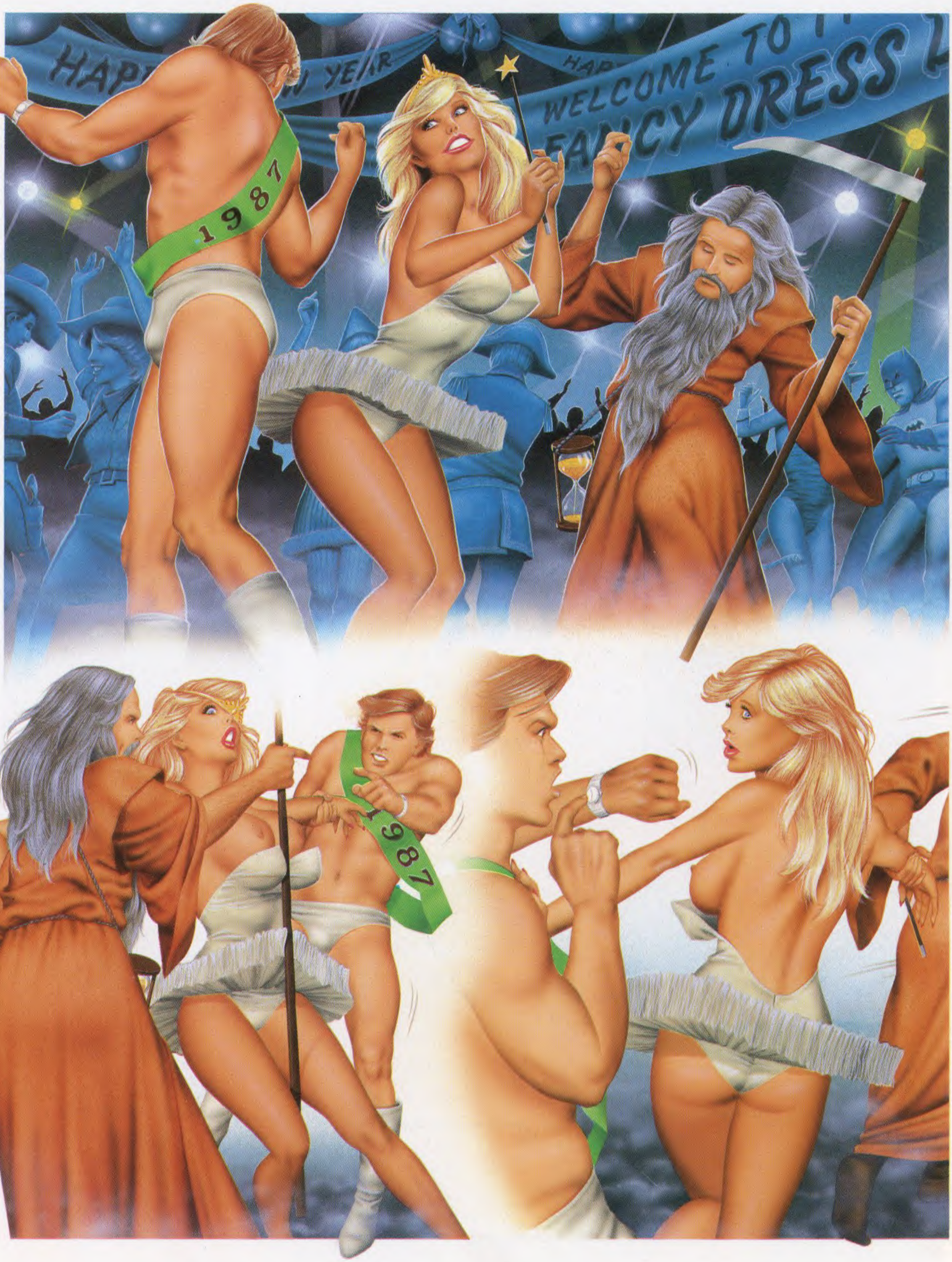
Stingray
4 wheel drive

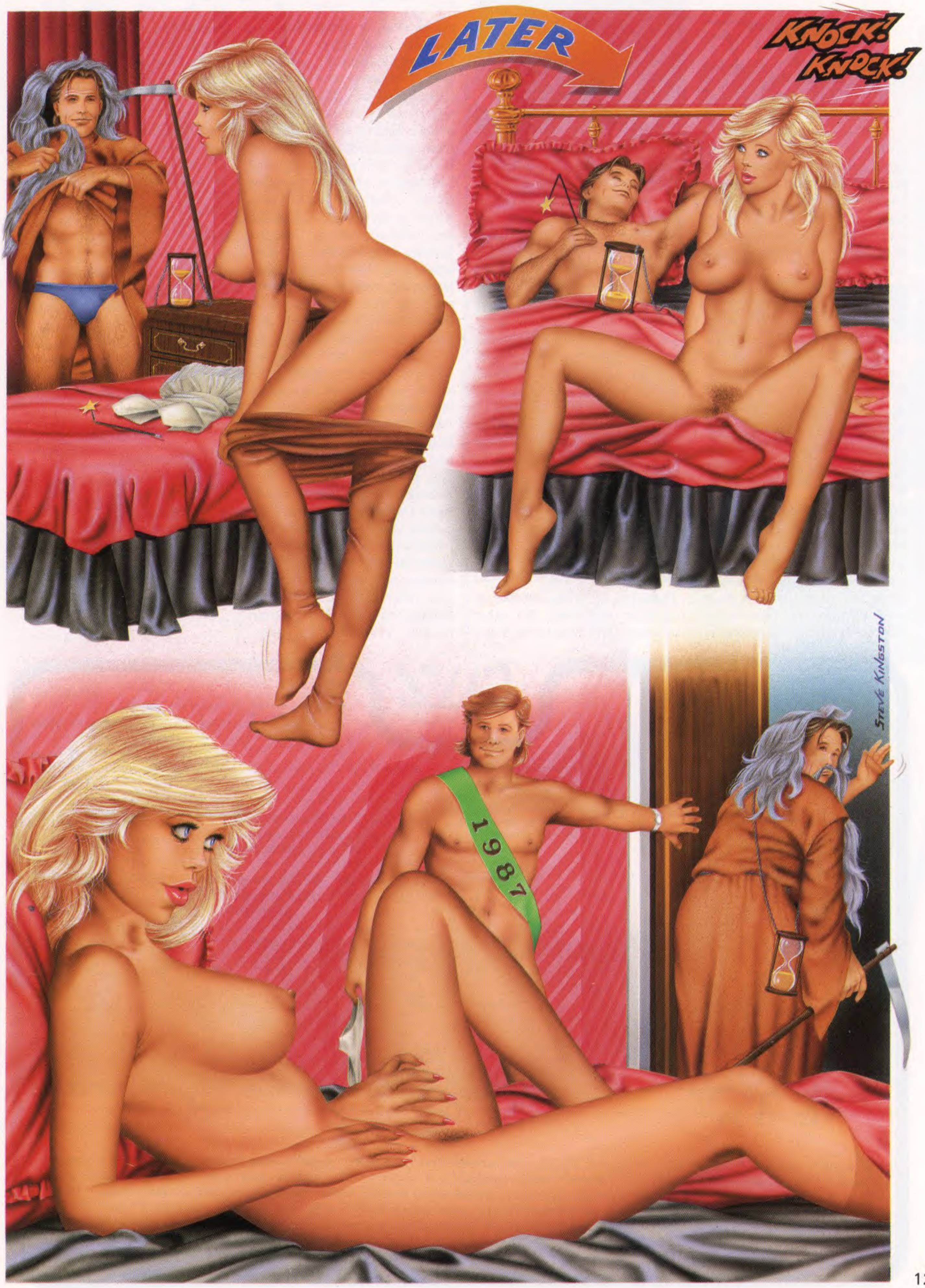
The running gear comes from a Cherokee Jeep, giving the 'Vette amazing off-road performance. Bad News *is also licensed to be driven on the street.*

BAD NEWS
TIC AVE. (A1A)
Ocean Villa Motel
775

CARRIE

Carrie's New Year starts with a bang — or two!


HAP
W YEAR
HAP
WELCOME TO T
FANCY DRESS
1987
1987


LATER
KNOCK! KNOCK!
1987
STEVE KINGSTON

Sexy nights with our seductive collection

It's late: time to retire for the night. Then you feast your eyes upon your lady dressed in the latest lingerie from our seductive night-time collection. Sexy and sophisticated or pretty and playful, we offer something to suit every mood. Our seductive, shimmering satin-like nightdress and negligee in apricot are trimmed with lots of frothy lace, and have a deep neckline that will take away the tiredest man's thoughts of sleep. It's an ideal garment for the lady of any age. Or if your girl fancies a little late-night fun, how about our sheer, see-through lacy bodice. Imagine the lady of your dreams in this saucy, front-buttoning garment that hides so little and looks os good. It comes with suspenders and the briefest panties imaginable . . . Send off now, and you too can enjoy a cosy evening at home.

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine,
95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

Qty . . . . . nightdress and negligee sets, one size, (item NP) at £33.95

Qty . . . . . white bodices in small, med, large (item EE) at £18.95

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

I enclose cheque/postal order for £............ made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....SIGNATURE M221

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO)

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER, STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

Mayfair's new adult playwear

Few presents can be of such benefit to both the giver and receiver as *Mayfair's* exciting new range of feminine fashions. We believe lingerie is at its sexiest when it's brief — scanty, erotic and arousing. That's why the latest items in our collection are selected with just you in mind: the saucy lace garter is teamed with a matching suspender belt, and ultra-brief thong, and they are available in white, black or red. And to complete the outfit we're still offering our sheer glass nylon stockings in black. Don't forget our erotic bodystockings in black, white, or fishnet. Remember also that our lingerie is made to the highest possible standards. Don't delay send off the coupon now, and soon you'll be enjoying your favourite lady in *Mayfair's* own sensational lingerie!

DD) Lace garter, suspender belt and thong brief in cool white, arousing red (item BB) and devastating black (item CC). One size.
T) Superstretch bodystocking in black or white (item V). One size.
S) Sheer glass nylon seamed stockings. Sizes: small, medium, or large.
AA) Tantalizing fishnet bodystocking in black. One size only.

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine,
95a, Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me

Qty......garter/thong sets in white (item DD) at £6.95 (one size)
Qty......garter/thong sets in red (item BB) at £6.95 (one size)
Qty......garter/thong sets in black (item CC) at £6.95 (one size)
Qty......bodystockings in black (item T) at £4.95 (one size)
Qty......bodystockings in white (item V) at £4.95 (one size)
Qty......fishnet bodystocking (item AA) at £8.95 (one size)
Qty......nylon stockings in black (item S) at £2.50 (Size s, m or l)

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £......... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS ____________________

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____________________ SIGNATURE ____________________ M22/1

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

It's our Satin Sensation

Mayfair's exciting lingerie offer

Satin has an unmistakeable feel when worn against the skin, a rich smooth sensation which will make any woman think she is somebody special. Picture the lady in your life on those magical nights when she wears our sexy satin collection, modelled so seductively by Samantha Fox and Debbie Boyland. Specially selected with you in mind, our lingerie is made to the highest possible standards.

W) Sexy satin three-piece set (bra, bikini briefs and suspender belt) in pure white or provocative black (X). Sizes small (34″), medium (36″) and large (38″).
Y) Seductive satin basque in white or black (Z). Sizes small (34″), medium (36″) and large (38″).

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a
Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

Qty ...... 3-piece set in white (item W) at £13.95. Size ......
Qty ...... 3-piece set in black (item X) at £13.95. Size ......
Qty ...... Satin basque in white (item Y) at £25.95. Size ......
Qty ...... Satin basque in black (item Z) at £25.95. Size ......

I enclose cheque/postal order for £.........made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

..................................SIGNATURE..................................

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £5.00 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

M22/1

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION